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Events of the Week.

THE visit of the King and Queen to Berlin, to take part in the wedding which celebrates the reconciliation between the Kaiser and the Duke of Cumberland, has begun with the utmost cordiality. The Kaiser graced it at the outset by a generous action, releasing the three British officers, Captain Trench, and Messrs. Brandon and Stewart, who are serving terms of imprisonment for espionage. One novel feature in the reception revealed a new resource in the pageantry of royal hospitality. The airship "Hansa" flew above the train as an aerial escort for a considerable distance as it approached Berlin. Wednesday was the King's day. On Thursday the Tsar arrived, and, as usual, public interest was concentrated on the precautions for his safety, which included the lining of the railway with sentries over its whole course, from the Russian frontier to Berlin.

THE real interest of these royal ceremonies lies, of course, in the fairy-tale end which they bring to the feud, dating from Bismarck's day, between the Guelph and Hohenzollern Houses. But the Anglo-German aspect of the occasion is not ignored. The "Lokal Anzeiger," which is a Court favorite as well as the most popular newspaper of the capital, declares that "Anglo-German dif-

ferences can now be taken in hand with the hope of a speedy settlement." The "Vossische Zeitung" predicts that "our British guests will feel a breath of the joyful confidence which is beginning to inspire the consideration of Anglo-German relations." It is unlucky that at this precise moment a plan for imposing stifling restrictions on the French press in Alsace-Lorraine and on the right of public meeting has been revealed by some indiscretion. The Anglo-German approach can hardly be completed until there is at least a slackening in the Franco-German tension.

THE details published in the Turkish Press regarding the Bagdad agreement between Great Britain and Turkey have in the main been confirmed by an evidently semi-official statement in the "Times." It appears that this country has waived the concession previously made that the section of the line from Bagdad to Basra should be constructed and managed by a separate international company. The line will be under the same control over its whole length, and its terminus will be at Basra, at the head of the Shatt-el-Arab. It is not stated that any definite share of the new capital will be assigned to British finance, but two British directors will be admitted to the Board as a guarantee against differential rates. A series of agreements have been, or will be, completed defining our status in the Gulf. Turkey will retain a nominal suzerainty over Koweit, but will not interfere in its affairs, and will recognise our protectorate. She will also accept our traditional right to police the Gulf and recognise our ownership of the Bahrein islands and our treaties with certain chiefs of the Arabian shore. There will also be a convention placing the police and navigation of the Shatt-el-Arab under international control, and once more an undertaking is expected to define the Turco-Persian frontier. Germany has been consulted, but a section of the German press reserves the right to secure compensating concessions elsewhere.

THE conclusion of peace between Turkey and the Allies is still in the future, but some progress has been made, and it is even hoped that the Treaty will be signed next week. Greece and Serbia have insisted on certain modifications in the Treaty, designed to make it clear that they reserve the right (1) to discuss the Albanian and Aegean settlements with the powers; (2) that Serbia insists on her Adriatic port; and (3) that the Allies shall have, like Turkey, a voting member on the Financial Commission. These stipulations are none of them unreasonable, but, as Bulgaria pointed out, they are not exactly relevant to a treaty with Turkey. These preliminaries concern only the belligerents, and in no way govern their relations to the Powers. Sir Edward Grey gave a tactful answer in reply to these Balkan representations. The text of the Treaty was a draft suggested, but in no sense imposed, by the Ambassadors' Conference. It was open to the Allies to modify it as they pleased, if they could obtain the assent of Turkey. But he seems to have pressed for the signature of what is after all only a general, preliminary document. It remains to be seen whether Serbia and Greece will now agree to sign

the modified treaty without first obtaining a definite assent from the Powers to all their claims.

* * *

MR. GENNADIUS, the Greek Minister here, denies that, so far as Greece is concerned, these manœuvres are intended to delay the conclusion of peace, so that Bulgaria, busied in holding back the main Turkish armies, may be prevented from concentrating in Macedonia. Whether or no they are so intended, they have that effect. The prospect of a friendly settlement among the Allies appears to recede, for Serbia now declares that her treaty with Bulgaria is so obsolete that she refuses even the Tsar's arbitration upon it. Her proposal to refer her dispute with Bulgaria to a commission of the four Allies cannot be acceptable (1) because the treaty provided for another form of arbitration which she now rejects; and (2) because neither Greece nor even little Montenegro is impartial.

* * *

GREECE, meanwhile, is developing great heat in her press campaign against Italy, the Power mainly interested in opposing her claims in Southern Albania; and Italy, in her turn, is placing herself in the wrong with European opinion by insisting on retaining some of the Greek islands in the Ægean. We have received from the Albanian Provisional Government a detailed document, with names and dates, which brings the gravest charges against the Greek military occupation in Albania. Among many less serious allegations, it is stated that seventy-two Albanian notables, mostly Moslems, were collected by Greek irregulars, driven by force to attend the pro-Greek demonstration at Janina, and murdered on the way. The memorandum calls on the Ambassadors' Conference to investigate the facts.

* * *

THE Canadian situation grows serious, as we predicted it would when the Admiralty drew Mr. Borden into its policy of naval federation. The leaders of the Liberal Senate have decided to reject the Naval Bill, by means of an amendment calling for a referendum. Mr. Borden will probably accept the challenge, and an electoral battle may be fought partly on the right of the nominated Senate to veto policy. But the more substantial issue will be that of Canadian naval autonomy as against an Imperial Navy, and that again involves both the racial question in Canada, and the general Canadian relationship to the Empire. It is most unfortunate that these problems should appear in the untoward shape of a party struggle. But that was inevitable when the Laurier plan was forced off the field on a false plea of Imperial necessity, and this scheme of naval confederation pressed forward in its stead.

* * *

THE Government have suffered, in the Newmarket division of Cambridgeshire, one of those reverses which seem much but mean little. Mr. Denison-Pender received 5,251 votes, as against 4,400 for Mr. George Nicholls, the figures in Sir Charles Rose's last contest being 4,786 for the Liberal, and 4,387 for the Tory. The Unionist poll, therefore, has largely increased, and the Liberal strength less substantially declined. The key of the constituency is, no doubt, the racing element and its dependents. These were held together by the late member, Sir Charles Rose, who was rich, good-natured, and a racing man. They are now placed in charge of Mr. Denison-Pender, who answers to the same description, and has given much time and attention to attracting them. The misfortune is that Mr. Nicholls, one of the best private members in the House of 1906, should not be at Westminster to represent the agricultural laborers to whom he belongs.

THE size of the turnover (a Unionist majority of 851 as against the Liberal majority of 399) is doubtless due in some part to the fact that the laborers were estranged, first, by the local administration of the Insurance Act as it affected them; and, secondly, by skilful abuse of the whole measure. This, by universal admission, was the staple of the Conservative campaign. The rest of the political strategy of the election was simple enough. Mr. Nicholls proposed a living wage of £1 per week, as against the local wage of 12s. and 13s., and would have recouped the farmers by relieving their rates. Mr. Denison-Pender seems to have made some little play with the defeat of the Baker Housing Bill; but he gave a cold and vague support to Mr. Hills's measure of applying the Trade Boards Act to agriculture. For the rest, Home Rule appears to have played practically no part in the election, and Welsh Disestablishment a small one.

* * *

MR. MCKENNA, addressing a Liberal meeting at Cardiff on Wednesday, and stating that there would be no fresh concession to the Church in the second draft of the Disestablishment Bill, made a strong reference to the tactics of the suffragettes. If the militants secured the vote by their methods, they would get it in a Constitution and amongst people where it would not be worth having. They began at the wrong end, for the British people must first of all be convinced by reason. The violent incidents of earlier suffrage agitations did not form a true precedent. Crimes committed fifty years ago did not justify crimes committed to-day, and they, at all events, were the acts of a majority deprived of power, and restrained by a minority in power. When the militants obtained such a majority, even of women, they might quote these bad precedents with some effect. All this is true and pertinent, but to complete the parallel, it is necessary to recall the fact that the Government of 1831 were not deterred by outrage from passing the Bill of 1832.

* * *

THE Ulster branch of the physical force movement in politics has been rather more pronounced this week than its feminist side. Sir Edward Carson has returned to Belfast, has had a secret conclave with the Committee of the Ulster Unionist Council, and has waved about his head a copy of the Ulster League and Covenant. His line was to go to the brink of treasonable talk without quite overstepping it. He asked why the people of Ulster are drilling, and declared, "They were not a lot of babies, playing a kind of game for some political party." Force was only to be used in the last resort, to beat back those who bartered away their rights of citizenship. He did not say that Ulster was going to fight, but that it stood by the solemn League and Covenant. If, on its side, the Government wished to test their legality, let it arrest, not humble men, but himself. "I am," he added, "responsible for everything." They would choose the most opportune moment for taking over the whole government of this community, even though it involved "statutory illegality," but as it also involved "much righteousness," they should go on without fear or trembling.

* * *

IN our view the most discreditable and at the same time most practical part of the speech was that in which Sir Edward referred to the trials of the Protestant shipyard workers charged at the last Belfast Assizes with riot and assault on their Catholic comrades. These men, as a correspondent to the "Westminster Gazette" points

out, were all acquitted. The following is Sir Edward's reference to their cases:—

"I have followed with disgust the straining of the law in Belfast in reference to these men who were tried at the last Assizes. New precedents were created, the rulings of judges were set at naught, Crown prosecutors became gaolers, and my profession was degraded, and in the end they made a futile attempt to bully the juries of Belfast. Those who tried it knew very little of the stuff that Belfast jurors were made, and the man who directed all this has been rewarded and has been made Lord Chancellor of Ireland. I hope he thinks of the way he won his position and his fame."

* * *

Now, what was the judgment of the law which this eminent lawyer impugns in the cases referred to? It was conveyed by Lord Justice Cherry, who is not only a very competent lawyer, but a man of singularly temperate mind. Lord Justice Cherry, in summing up one of these cases, said:—

"If the members of the jury regard their oaths, they will find the prisoners guilty. If the jurors do not regard their oaths, there is not the slightest use in my addressing you."

In the second case he said:—

"I tell the jury, plump and plain, that in this case, so far as I can judge, there is evidence of identification so clear that it is absolutely impossible to conceive any clearer."

Yet neither of these prisoners was found guilty, the jury disagreeing. Here, then, is an excellent working model of the way in which the Ulster revolution proceeds. Its martyrs will not be Orangemen shot down in the streets, but Roman Catholics killed and maimed with nuts and bolts, and its promoters will be occupied not in defending consciences, but in tampering with them.

* * *

THE Californian Act excluding settlers who are ineligible for naturalisation (that is to say, Asiatics) from owning land, has duly received President Wilson's signature under protest. The news has naturally created some excitement in Japan, but the Government is apparently prepared to await events. It knows the views of Washington, and expects that something will be done to give them effect. Events are bound to move slowly, but a year or so hence there will certainly be a test case in the Federal Courts, which may conceivably quash the Act as unconstitutional. In the meanwhile, it is hard to see what definite action Dr. Wilson or Mr. Bryan can take. The only real element of anxiety lies in the fact that if Japan should feel herself bound to raise the point of honor, it would clearly be to her interest to act before the opening of the Panama Canal assures to the States the full use of their considerable naval superiority. On Wednesday Dr. Wilson summoned Mr. Sisson to the White House, and exacted from this fire-eating orator of the House of Representatives, who in a recent debate declared himself "for war," some pledge for his good behavior in future.

* * *

COMMANDER EVANS told a simple, manly tale of the tragedy of the Scott Expedition to the Royal Geographical Society on Wednesday night. It revealed not only the continuous misfortunes of Captain Scott's own party, but the hairbreadth escapes of his own on the return journey after seeing the last of Captain Scott. They had given him a man extra, and so could not reach the relief at Hut Point in time. Evans fell ill with scurvy, and only a meal or two was left when the relief came in. He told a fresh story of the heroism of Captain Oates, who perished with Scott. His feet and hands were badly

frost-bitten, and, said Commander Evans, he frequently appealed to Wilson for advice. The answer was "Slog on, just slog on." He slogged on to his self-sought death. Through these fearful trials of courage, temper, and faith, the spirit of comradeship seems never to have failed. "We never," said Commander Evans, "had a quarrel or an angry word in the expedition."

* * *

It becomes every week less certain that the French Government can carry the Three Years' Service Bill. The Chamber has given it what is equivalent to a Second Reading only by a narrow majority, which would have disappeared without the votes of the Right. In other words, it has not a Republican majority behind it, even at this initial stage. The courage of its Radical opponents is rising, and M. Caillaux has spoken strongly against it. This week a long series of bold and apparently spontaneous demonstrations has taken place among the conscripts in garrison towns, notably in Belfort, Toul, and Paris. The "class" whose service should end in October is naturally alarmed by the War Minister's announcement that it will be kept with the colors. The demonstrations do not seem to have been organised, and required considerable courage, for the least fate which awaits those who shared in them will be to be sent to the disciplinary battalions in Africa. Severity is the word of order, and the Government is preparing not merely to punish conscripts, but to repress civilian Socialist demonstrations. It seems clear that the "patriotic" reaction has not penetrated much below the middle class.

* * *

THE Liberal Publication Department has published, under the title, "The Government's Record, 1906-1913," a useful handbook of its activities. This includes three great acts of Imperial polity—the pacification of Africa, the conciliation of India, and the restoration of the European Concert; three great acts of social amelioration—old age pensions, national insurance, and the establishment of the principle of the minimum wage; the preservation and entrenchment of Free Trade finance; a small and inadequate relief of indirect taxes; a more substantial reduction of debt; some useful administrative reforms; and the destruction of the power of the House of Lords. Against this excellent record must be set three failures: first, to reform the franchise, male and female; secondly, to reconstruct our educational system; thirdly, to relieve the pressure of armaments. These are the unredeemed liabilities of historic Liberalism, to which may be added, as the immediate task of the younger school, the renovation of agricultural life.

* * *

WE have heard from Mr. Errichson some further accounts of the conduct of the Servian army of occupation in Elbasan. He states that the soldiers behaved in the streets with a total absence of discipline, and even on one occasion robbed the Orthodox priest who had celebrated the Te Deum for their entrance. More serious was the ingenious system which the Servians invented for imposing a money contribution on the Albanian farmers and landowners. Most of these had received in recent years loans from the Turkish Agricultural Bank. The Servians called in all these amounts, and promptly annexed them. Of the rumors which charge the Servian army with deliberate massacre in other Albanian regions Mr. Errichson could naturally speak only at second hand. But the fact that they should have made such haste to rid themselves of one of the few unofficial resident foreigners in Albania is very far from inspiring confidence.

Politics and Affairs.

FROM HANOVER TO BAGDAD.

THE ceremonies which King George has gone to Germany to attend are made to be the delight of the antiquarian and the historian. It is a whole world of family traditions and national memories that the occasion uncovers, and it would be interesting if the King's presence conveyed nothing more than the congratulations of the English branch of the House of Hanover on the reconciliation of the German branch with the Hohenzollerns and the Empire. There was the violence of a national necessity which brushes away the pedantries of dynastic right and legitimate succession in the settlement which brought the House of Hanover to the British throne. Bismarck had as little scruple as the Whig noblemen of our own Revolution, when he swept aside the rights of its German branch in favor of Prussian unity. This week's ceremony buries very prettily what had become a merely personal feud. But King George's visit means much more than his participation in this family settlement. He has gone to Germany not merely as a Guelph, but as King of Great Britain. The ceremony in some sense marks, as such ceremonies may usefully do, the close co-operation of British and German diplomacy during the Balkan crisis, and the approach of public sentiment in both countries to cordiality. The angry and dangerous period during which even sober men were forced to think of war as a possibility is to-day nothing but a memory, and there is no responsible man, even among the Imperialists of both countries, who would not deplore its recurrence. That time of failure in our common civilisation is over. It is the duty of both Governments so to use the new disposition of diplomacy that it can never be renewed.

Modern nations rarely compose their differences by the simple process of resolving to be friends. There is always a preliminary stage in which the occasions of difference must be removed and a common field of action discovered. The choice of the Bagdad Railway as the material occasion for an approach is doubly fortunate. It is Turkish affairs which in recent months have brought the two countries together, and it was precisely this Bagdad controversy which, ten years ago, revealed their divergence. What was the obscure but powerful influence which began to work in the governing class, in the diplomatic service, and in the Conservative press is still doubtful. But it quickly imposed its will on Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, and the agreement, then on the point of conclusion, for British co-operation in a great German undertaking, was frustrated. There was some ground, we think, for certain of the criticisms which were made at that time against the details of the scheme which called for some little readjustment in British interests by friendly discussion. But this criticism, legitimate in some of its contentions, was the prelude to a general anti-German press campaign, and a stubborn passive resistance, maintained with all the allied resources of diplomacy and finance, both French and British, against German economic interests in the Near East. There is no need to review the dismal consequences which followed in the recurring risks of war, the

destruction of the European Concert, the enhanced prestige of the broken Russian autocracy, and the ruinous competition in armaments. What is now apparent is that nothing was gained, even in Turkey, which could not have been better secured ten years ago. The construction of the line has been delayed by the difficulty of finding capital, but this policy of boycott has not resulted in making it less decidedly a German undertaking. The mistake which was made when British public opinion refused to share in the building of the Suez Canal has been repeated in the case of this ambitious German undertaking. It will not now be what even the not quite satisfactory terms accepted by Mr. Balfour's Government and rejected by the Tory "insurgents" would have made it—a genuinely international work. Even the later suggestion of leaving the section from Bagdad to the Gulf to be built by a distinct international company has disappeared. From the Straits to Basra the undertaking will be German, and the admission of two British directors to the Board will serve only as a guarantee against any discrimination in rates against British trade.

We make no criticism of these arrangements. The Germans have shown imagination in planning this great road, and tenacity in persevering with it. Theirs has been the enterprise and the statesmanship, and they have earned the glory and the eventual profits. But holding, as we do, that every international undertaking is a pledge of peace and a realisation of civilised ideals, we regret that this solution was made impossible more by the follies of ten years ago than by any failure now. It is, on the whole, a gain for trade and efficiency that the whole line should be under uniform control. It is obvious that our diplomacy has been mainly concerned to secure our naval position in the Persian Gulf. We are told to expect, when the whole series of agreements with Turkey is completed, not merely a recognition of our protectorate over Koweit under Turkish suzerainty, but also of our traditional rights (feebly disputed from time to time by the Turks) to police the Gulf, to control some of the Arab chiefs on its southern shores, and to maintain our interest in the navigation of the Shatt-el-Arab, which will be, when it is the waterway to the great terminus at Basra, one of the most important channels of trade in the East. It is, on the whole, a gain to Turkey that she should withdraw from her costly and ineffective efforts to retain her shadowy power in Arabia. But this ought not to mean that we, on our side, will attempt a career of penetration. It is enough to maintain just so much touch with the Arab chiefs of the coast as will restrain them from piracy, and enlist them for the maintenance of peace. There never was, to our thinking, any reason to regard the Bagdad Railway in its political and strategical aspects with jealousy or alarm. It never could have threatened our position in India while we maintained our general supremacy at sea. The state of mind which can welcome the Russian Trans-Persian Railway, while affecting to fear the German Trans-Turkish line, is frankly beyond the most tolerant understanding.

It is, as we argued last week, by a close co-operation in Turkey that British and German diplomacy can best

win by action the confidence which makes a durable understanding. Together the two Powers can save Turkey as an Asiatic Power, and even restore her to prosperity. Together they can, by a constant moral pressure, ensure the safety of the Armenians, which no paper reforms will alone guarantee. A continuance of their old jealousies would mean, on the other hand, the break-up of what is left of the Turkish Empire in a very few years, and a direct competition among the Great Powers for the spoil, which would bring with it far graver dangers than any which we have experienced during the Balkan crisis. That a general understanding may come speedily from the present improvement in our relations is a hope and expectation which goes far beyond the ranks of the Liberal Party. To conclude it ought to be among the first of the ambitions of the present administration, if only because a Tory Government, whatever the goodwill of Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne might be, would have to contend with the fanatics of compulsory service in its own ranks, for whom the division in Europe is the only hope and the only argument. It will probably be necessary to include some African settlement in any general understanding, and its gains would only be half reaped without a reduction in naval armaments. In that connection it is encouraging to note that professional opinion in Germany, if we may take the views of Captain Persius as typical, is better disposed than at first it was to Mr. Churchill's suggestion of a "naval holiday." But the problem is wider than Turkey and deeper than the North Sea. It is a European problem, and we shall not have solved it unless our diplomacy can help to ease the tension between France and Germany, as France eased the tension between Russia and ourselves. That precedent shows that, with a sufficient motive, such miracles can be achieved. If, on the one hand, Germany were to apply an ungrudging policy of conciliation to Alsace-Lorraine, and if, on the other, France were to slacken the boycott which closes her Money Market to German enterprise, the appeasement would have begun, and it might not be chimerical to hope even for a relaxation of the military competition between the two Empires. In our view, the pursuit of a balance of power, and our entry into a Continental group, were, from the first, a fundamental error in policy. But the way to repair it is not to abandon one friend in the hope of making another. Our aim must be by loyalty to the one and courtesy to the other to promote a general reconciliation, and to restore the European Concert.

THE CRITICISM OF THE INSURANCE ACT.

WE suppose that it is not possible for the Opposition in its present mood to look forward to the time when it will again have a policy of its own. It can now and then win an election without one, and its representative can pose for a week or so before a body of farmers, small holders, tradesmen, racing men and their dependents, and agricultural laborers, studiously disguising or minimising his Toryism, and coming out with tremendous force as a critic of the administration of a single piece of really conservative legislation. On many other issues, a gift

of nature, liberally assisted by grace, seems to have reduced Mr. Denison-Pender to demi-speechlessness. Mr. Nicholls had a quite simple and definite programme. He was for giving the underpaid Cambridgeshire laborers a living wage of £1 a week, and relieving the farmers of a portion of their rates. His opponent had a chance of being equally clear. He appears to have had a sort of a view on housing. But the "Times" correspondent insists that the local working of the Insurance Act was his great topic, and suggests that he took no great stock of his friends' suggestion of applying wage boards to agriculture. What indeed could he say? How explain, for example, to the Cambridgeshire farmers that if a Conservative Government came into power, it would be compelled by one prior engagement to tax articles which the farmer buys, and by another to abstain from taxing articles competing with what the farmer sells; that the young Tory "forwards" were for raising his wages bill by State intervention, while the old Tory landlords would take excellent care that the rise did not fall on their rents? Compared with such a policy, the utmost efforts of Radical spite might well appear as pure benevolence.

And what, converted into pounds, shillings, and pence, did Mr. Denison-Pender's attacks on the Insurance Act, utterly devoid of principle as they were, imply? We have always held that the point at which the worker should be relieved from direct contributions ought to be fixed much higher than eighteenpence a day. But the Tory criticism of the Act envisaged no such increase of the State contribution, any more than it looked to any further relief of the employer. The Cambridgeshire laborers, who have been asked to pay threepence a week on a wage of twelve shillings, may quite possibly be the victims of mal-practice on the part of their masters, and in that case we imagine that Liberal and Tory critics of the Act will both see that justice is done. What, then, do the latter aim at? A return to voluntary insurance? That would be an intelligible, though a quite impossible, alternative. But no responsible Conservative chieftain so much as hints it. The elimination of the industrial societies? That, again, is not suggested. A non-contributory scheme? What Tory, of the back or the front benches, dares to propose it?

A similar haziness of purpose hangs over the whole atmosphere of Opposition. Throughout the range of our national concerns Toryism sways vaguely to reaction, and then comes to rest in a kind of nervous perplexity. Is it Protectionist? It hangs on the skirts of Free Trade, and would like to pull it down. But when it is asked for an alternative, it half-applies its remedy to one branch of national industry, and withholds it inexplicably from another. Is it conscriptionist? It "crabs" the Territorials, and affirms the nobility of universal military service, adding, with its hand on its heart, that it will be no party to enslaving a free Briton. No one of its leaders, save Lord Milner, attempts to give substance to its furtive essays in constructive statesmanship, and Lord Milner's embodiment of Imperialism so nearly realises Mr. Belloc's vision of the "Servile State"

that we are likely to hear no more of it. Toryism is a critic of Liberal extravagance, but it is not for economy; while its thoughtless association with our scare journalism promises an indefinite expansion of the war services. It hopes something from disorder, but it is never definitely Carsonite or suffragettish. It opens a kind of timorous "bear" account in the national prosperity, and abruptly closes it again. The measure of success which awaits so characterless an attitude to living questions of national policy is pretty well what it deserves. Toryism can glean a few stray ears from this or that corner of the electoral field. But it never has the air of a reaper of a political harvest. Its generals think in skirmishes, not in victories, still less in campaigns.

This lack of ideas is unfortunate for the nation, for if, for example, the Conservative Party had supplied a fair and intelligent commentary on the Insurance Act, the period of review on which we shall enter next year might be a profitable one. Open-minded people condemn the injustice of snatching cheap credit from small and incidental questions of administration, when the truth is that for a swiftly devised and vastly complicated plan, the measure works with remarkable ease and power. Great masses of the people are not outside the approved societies, as it was feared they might be. The doctors have not refused to work the Act. The extension of the contract system has not proved to be a fraud on the poor. The range and value of the benefits may be held to be inadequate, but they are open to enlargement, especially as the institutional side of the system develops. A fair critic of the Act may, indeed, retain a full belief in its social efficacy, and yet plead with "M.D." in another part of our issue that some revision of its machinery is required. The cost of working it is probably too great. Mr. Webb estimates* that the business of general and local organisation accounts for little less than three millions a year, and it is not surprising that the approved societies are beginning to complain of the complication of accounts involved in the maintenance of four Commissions, with separate insurance funds, for England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. Money will be wanted if relief is to be given to the admittedly hard cases of poorly paid and casual labor, on which the premiums fall as a deduction from the already inadequate fund for necessary food and clothing. Mr. Webb calculates that for sick and unemployment insurance together, a builder's laborer finds himself charged with what is virtually an income tax of fivepence or sixpence in the pound, a heavier toll than is paid by the small middle-class worker with more than three times his income.

On the class of casual workers the Bill has had an unexpected economic effect. The insurance card was not intended to serve as a kind of certificate of employability, least of all as a social dossier. But employers are disposed so to regard it, and the result has been that an out-of-work "docker" may find himself unable to retain a "preference" to an engagement save by stamping his card to date and paying up not only his own arrears, but those of his last employer. It is obvious that for these workers the Act tends to defeat

its author's purpose of raising the standard of the national health. And it looks as if the Insurance Commissioners, in the desire to make two ends meet, were cutting down the benefits to an extent which qualifies Mr. George's generous intentions, and obscures the plea that the poor will have wider and easier access to scientific surgery and medicine. Larger operations and specialist services are now excluded, and the patients who need them are referred to hospitals that are not equipped for their reception. This must cut away a great number of serious diseases, with which the average doctor is not accustomed to deal. In fact, the Act is not yet covering the true area of its activities. Some 8,000 beds for tuberculous patients have been engaged, but the institutional side of the work is still unorganised, and the new sanatoria do not yet exist. Doctors would like to make their service more effective by associating it with dentistry, but this the Act does not allow them to do. The maternity benefit, the most popular and one of the most beneficent provisions of the Act, has been eaten into; and stringent terms have been attached to the enjoyment of disablement benefit.

We repeat that it would be beyond the power of any man to evolve a perfect system of national insurance in a twelvemonth, nor can a statesman be fairly held responsible for errors or meannesses in administration. Wonders have been done in a short time, and though the Act is marred by undue complication and expense, and by its unequal pressure on the slenderest incomes, it contains the draft of a charter of physical efficiency for the nation. But it is still a draft; and things have been written into it which must clearly be erased if, as a set-off to the material benefits it confers, the people of this country are not to lose the practice of self-government which was the basis of the old system of voluntary insurance. This was far from Mr. Lloyd George's original design. It can be no purpose of democratic statesmanship to strengthen or to affirm the hold which the great industrial societies, with their characteristic of high profits and strict official and centralised management, have already acquired. Next year the position of the deposit contributors is to be overhauled. The opportunity will then occur for a generous revision of the method of the Act.

PRIVATEERING UP TO DATE.

A FEW weeks ago, in introducing the Navy Estimates, Mr. Churchill startled the shipping world by announcing that the Admiralty proposed to encourage British ship-owners to provide for the defence of their vessels in time of war. The Admiralty is offering to lend guns, to provide ammunition, and to train gun-crews at the public expense, if the owners will pay for the necessary structural alterations. These structural alterations will, of course, involve the provision of space for the carrying of explosives as well as platforms for guns. As there are more than 20,000 merchant vessels flying the British flag, and as most of these are tramps (which follow no regular route, and could not possibly expect an escort in time of war), the new scheme will, if carried out, involve enormous expense both to taxpayers and ship-owners. But we cannot help wondering whether this

* In the concluding number of "The Crusade."

new policy—for it is an innovation of the most startling kind—emanates from the Committee of Imperial Defence, or from the Board of Admiralty. That it was hatched by the House of Commons or the Cabinet we entirely refuse to believe; for, as the "Manchester Guardian" observes, it means that the Admiralty has gone back to the practice of the seventeenth century, ostensibly in order to provide against the danger of our mercantile marine being chased off the seas by the so-called volunteer fleets of converted cruisers.

But whether this device comes from the Imperial Defence Committee or the Admiralty, its contrivers must be congratulated on having made the belated discovery that even if we maintained a three-power or a four-power standard in Dreadnoughts as against the next strongest Power, it would still, under the existing rules of warfare, be impossible to guarantee the safety of our mercantile marine in case we became involved in a naval struggle. This, at any rate, is something gained. The Admiralty has confessed that it cannot guarantee our commercial security. We do not understand the withdrawal, for we know of no existing fleet which contains any vessels comparable to our enormous provision of fast and powerfully armed cruisers. But it would seem that the Admiralty thinks that the successful depredations of the "Alabama" during the American Civil War foreshadow the fate that might befall hundreds if not thousands of slow-moving British tramp steamers in distant seas if we had a swift-moving and active foe. But what is to be said of the new policy for counteracting the danger? We call this new policy "privateering up to date." It is not, of course, the old privateering, which Admiral Bridge declares in another column to be as obsolete as the pack-horse. But it certainly establishes a kind of vessel which is neither a ship of war nor of peace. The first of the new type, a Royal Mail Steamship, has lately left the country on an ordinary voyage, carrying, we believe, two 4.7 inch guns. She is in fact equipped as a privateer, a prize-money-maker; and yet Great Britain was one of the signatories to the Declaration of Paris, a solemn international treaty by which privateering was abolished. The Admiralty seems to be rather uneasy about its performance; for it explains that the guns are only to be used for purposes of defence! Let us imagine then what will happen when a fine new British steamship sallies forth from Liverpool or Southampton to convey a few thousand passengers and a valuable cargo to New York at a time when Great Britain is at war with France or Germany or Japan. This vessel, which may be worth, with its contents, upwards of £1,000,000 sterling, is overhauled by a swift little cruiser, built for the purpose of commerce destruction. Will the monster with its two guns fight or surrender? If it fights, it must expect to go down with all hands. It seems to us that slight reflection will prove to British shipowners that they are much more likely to obtain passengers and cargoes in time of war if they are defenceless than if they carry guns. In time of peace the guns will occupy valuable room, which might have been occupied by boats and life-saving appliances. More valuable room will be occupied by explosives, which will be a continual source of danger and anxiety, and will

doubtless lead to an increase in insurance charges. It is surprising indeed that intelligent shipowners can be persuaded to adopt a plan which must be injurious to the interest of the companies they direct; and it is still more surprising that a Government which has just received a mandate from the National Liberal Federation to abandon the policy of capture should have embarked upon this eccentric scheme. It is, indeed, unlikely to survive many months; for among other practical difficulties, the "Manchester Guardian" mentions that in many ports vessels are prohibited from docking or lying alongside wharves if they have explosives on board.

Happily there is an alternative plan for securing merchant shipping from capture. It is a plan simple, effective, and involving no expense. It is merely to surrender the right of our naval captains to seize foreign merchant ships, and so relieve our own shipowners from the liability of their vessels to capture or destruction by cruisers or privateers of the enemy. It is a reform which was proposed by the United States at both Hague Conferences, and wrecked at both by the opposition of the British delegates, and yet it is a reform by which Great Britain, as the leading shipowner of the world, has obviously more to gain than any other Power. If Lord Loreburn's proposals for exempting peaceful shipping and peaceful merchandise from capture on sea—as they are already exempted from capture on land—were adopted, and contraband was restricted to warlike materials, there would be no room and no need for dragging our great liners into the business of a naval war. Admiral Bridge, indeed, argues that the enemy would not respect his own engagement to leave peaceful shipping alone, because it would not be his interest to do so. Would it not be the interest of Germany to secure her own widely spread maritime commerce from attack by our formidable cruiser fleets?

There is no reason, indeed, to suppose that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are committed to maintaining either the system of prize-money or the practice of capture. Their Solicitor-General was, until he joined the Government, a strenuous reformer, and we should hope that there will be enough right feeling in the Cabinet to get rid of this discreditable and dishonoring custom. If public piracy is still to be practised in time of war, at least let the proceeds go into the public Treasury, as in Germany and the United States, and not into private pockets. None of the arguments adduced in support of capture can be employed on behalf of prize-money. It is unjust to commerce, unfair to the Navy, and impolitic on national grounds.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC.

TRADERS throughout the country, in their Chambers of Commerce and other Associations, are raising angry protests against the proposed increase of railway rates. If railways were ordinary private businesses, complaints that they were raising the price of the services they sell, when all other businesses have notoriously been doing the same thing, would be very unreasonable. But railways are not ordinary businesses, and the circumstances attending this rise of rates are well calculated to arouse

antagonism. The acceptance of the increase is expressly defended on the ground that it is the fulfilment of the Government's pledge, made during the great railway strike, that the railways should be allowed to recoup themselves in higher rates for the higher wages they were to pay their employees. This at least is the interpretation which the railways put upon the undertaking of the Government, the recent endorsement of which was forced upon a recalcitrant majority of the House of Commons by bringing to bear the coercion of the Lords. Even accepting provisionally the view that the rise of rates is a promised payment for the partial abandonment of "sweating," it appears to be excessive in amount and defective in its distribution. According to the calculations of the "Railway News," the proposed rise of 4 per cent. on goods traffic should, on the basis of last year's trade, yield an increased income of £1,191,000 to the nineteen leading companies, a sum exceeding by about £200,000 the estimated increased cost of labor. If, as is stated, there is also an intention to raise passenger fares, this excess would be still larger. The "Times," indeed, sees nothing unreasonable in this, arguing that "if the railway companies are budgeting for further concessions to the men and increased expenditure, they are only acting with the prudence required by their responsibility to the public." This claim that the railways should be allowed to anticipate in current income all possible future increases of expenditure, and that the State should endorse this as sound public policy, is surely "the limit."

If the rise is defended exclusively on the ground of the actual rise of wages, why should companies whose increase of wage-bill has been relatively small, be allowed an increase of income far in excess of their increased costs? An additional 4 per cent. for the North Eastern traffic is estimated to bring in £146,353, as against an increase of wages to the amount of £66,581. Why are the shareholders of this company to be presented with this £80,000? Similarly, the London and South-Western would receive £50,740 additional income, in return for £13,253 additional costs. What possible ground can there be for pooling all the railways, if the higher wage bill in each separate case is to be taken as the "reasonable" ground for allowing the rise of rates? In point of fact, however, the recent Act of Parliament does not justify a raising of rates upon a separate consideration of the wage-bill. It only authorises the admission of this factor as relevant to the determination of reasonable rates by the Railway Commissioners. If other changes have been taking place in the administration of the railways, by means of which economies have been effected, these should be set off against the increased wage-bill in considering the fairness of the proposed rates. Now such economies have notoriously been made, and legal facilities have recently been afforded for their making. The companies have been allowed a freedom of combination which has enabled them to save the expenses of competition, and to effect by joint agreement many notable economies. This joint action has in not a few instances been attended by a reduction of facilities, tantamount to an increase of rates. The abolition of express goods trains, and the holding up of goods shipped

in small quantities in order to make up truck loads, involving thereby much delay, are instances of withdrawal of facilities. They correspond to the cancelment of excursion and week-end tickets which has taken place in passenger traffic. If, as is alleged, there is a *per contra* case for the railways in the increased price of fuel and of wages in departments which are not taken into account in the ordinary category of "railway service," a general survey of such expenses and economies ought to be made before the claims for higher rates can be considered valid.

Two further issues, incidental though not unimportant, arise. Who will pay the proposed increase of rates, assuming them to be allowed? All the traders who are interviewed confidently assert that they will pass them on to the retailers, and the retailers will charge them on to consumers' prices. But if they really felt so certain that it would work out in this simple way, why these protests and this indignation? No one seriously supposes that the traders burn with pure sympathy for the consumer. One must assume, therefore, that traders fear that they may suffer loss. Part of that loss will consist in a practical inability to charge all the increase on to the retailer or the consumer. Where competition of traders is keen, and the existing margin of profit is wide enough to bear the cost of the higher rate, the trader knows that he may have to bear it, or, in other words, that it will not pay to try to pass it on. The notion that, because the consumer is incapable of combination, and is more or less ignorant, he has no resisting power, is false. The intelligent trader knows it to be false. Every rise of consumers' prices must have some effect in reducing demand, and so in diminishing the volume of trade from which profit is derived. If, as is urged, the rise in prices involved will be very slight in most cases, the loss of trade will also probably be slight. But loss there must be.

So unsystematic and unintelligent is the book-keeping of most of our railways that it is likely they are unable to make any clear forecast of the probable effects of their policy of forcing up railway rates upon the volume of their traffic and the profits it will earn. For the power of monopoly which they think they possess is qualified not solely by the natural shrinkage of business which always attends a rise of prices, especially when accompanied by reduced facilities. If they threaten, as they do, a series of rises of rates as the price the public must pay for seeing railway servants paid a living wage and not overworked to the public danger, they will discover that other modes of transport can be brought into effective use. They have, indeed, secured the control and stopped the use of some canals. But there are others that can be made serviceable highways of commerce. Still more important, motor haulage upon roads is as yet an infant industry, capable of rapid development. In the United States this method of road traffic is not left to separate individual management, each vehicle a law unto itself. Great associations have been formed to organise the road traffic and to provide collecting and distributing depôts, storage for petrol, and other facilities. If the railways abuse the economic and political powers they think themselves to possess, they will force our traders and our consumers to similar methods of self-protection.

A London Diary.

THE week has, I think, brought some advance towards peace. But the situation among the Allies is not much improved. Bulgaria takes no part in the *démarches* of M. Novakovitch, which Thursday's papers report as if they were the joint work of the Allies. Serbia had no great reputation to lose for good faith and good sense, and that she has contrived to dissipate since warlike operations—but not the war—came to an end. Her politics are in bad hands, the war party being largely made up of the disreputable odds and ends of the Milan camarilla, and of officers who lean more to the Crown Prince than to the King. Unfortunately, these factions are represented in the first Serbian delegate to the Peace Conference, who is not only a Nationalist but is even, if I am not mistaken, the author of an impudent document, proposing to tear up the Serbo-Bulgarian agreement.

THIS Memorandum, addressed to the Powers, proposes to disregard all historical or ethnographical considerations, and to re-partition Macedonia on a fanciful and extremely unscrupulous plan of an "equilibrium" between the Balkan States, *i.e.*, of an unnatural equality between the nationality that kept alive the spirit of revolt in Macedonia and then beat Turkey, and the nationality that merely harried her skirts. Bulgaria necessarily replies: "Am I to give up to you scores of thousands of Bulgarian people living in villages in which no Serbs exist, because you want to go back on your word?" It is a great pity that Greece, whose claims are more serious than Serbia's, should, now that the star of Venezelos has waned, and that lighter men have the new King's ear, lean to these shifty Serbian counsels, backed as they have been by scandalous conduct in the war. Greek interests lie, not in these feather-headed intrigues, but in a good understanding with Bulgaria, which Bulgaria would welcome.

MEANWHILE, why is the preliminary Treaty of Peace not signed? The document drawn up by Sir Edward Grey contained, I believe, nothing which had not been agreed upon in principle among the Allies. Why, then, do not Greece and Serbia join Bulgaria in signing it? Nominally, because they want to have the decisions of the Powers on various questions made known to them, as if that had anything to do with a document which concerns their relations with Turkey. Really, thinks Bulgaria, because with the whole of her male population in arms and tied to the Tchataldja lines, her embarrassment is greater than theirs. Bulgaria naturally chafes, for she can say to the Powers: "You asked me not to force the Tchataldja lines, and I obeyed you. Now I am willing to sign the Treaty you have drawn up, which my Allies will not sign, while they suggest that I am a traitor for being willing to finish the war at the point at which you wished me to conclude it." To such a plea, the Powers can only answer, in common fairness, by insisting categorically on an immediate signature of the draft Treaty. This, I believe, Sir Edward Grey has done. If Serbia and

Greece refuse, the Powers could authorise Bulgaria to sign alone. And then the Servians, seeing that their game was up, and being in no condition to withstand a Bulgarian advance, would cave in soon enough.

HAPPILY, the relations of the Great Powers continue extraordinarily good. No statesman and no prince has for a moment pursued a mischievous course; all seem alike to have followed a straight and simple line to peace. I find a disposition to attribute this to a kind of cult of Sir Edward Grey, under whom honesty has become quite a fashionable wear in diplomacy. No Power wanting to put any other "in the cart," Machiavellian tactics have been eschewed by common consent. The cards have been on the table throughout, and the debates have gone on without a suspicion of double-dealing, reservations, or secret agreements. What a change from the days of Cyprus Conventions and Bismarckian incitements!

Do by-elections ever hasten a general election? If they do, it must be in very different circumstances from those of the Newmarket reverse. Tradition tells us of an earlier electoral swallow that was supposed to betoken a Tory summer, but that was over thirty years ago, and the dissolution into which Disraeli was then tempted was an offering to hope, not a sacrifice to fear. Other dissolutions precipitated or encouraged by by-elections rise to the mind—for instance, that of 1900, and possibly the second general election of 1910—but one does not remember that Lord Salisbury's run of ill-luck between 1887 and 1890, or Mr. Balfour's dismal electoral experiences from 1902 onwards tended in either of those cases to sharpen the Ministerial appetite for a fresh bout at the polls.

LORD ASHBOURNE, quite without ideas himself, will go down to history as the statesman who gave the Tory Party their lead to a true Tory policy for Ireland. Apart from the Ashbourne Act, his success rested on his beautiful voice, his delightful manners, and the extreme friendliness of his address. His elocution was tremendous. One of the best of "Toby M.P.'s" jests was that in which he described it in a sentence of his "diary": "Went into the House of Lords to hear Gibson." His successor will provide the peers with quite a different kind of sensation. He is, I suppose, the only Nationalist who will ever enter those sacred portals. The new Lord Ashbourne is a Roman Catholic, an ardent supporter of the revival of Irish letters, Irish speech, and the Irish spirit, and he has been seen in Piccadilly in an Irish kilt of purest saffron hue. Will he address the peers in *it*—and in Gaelic? It seems almost blasphemous to say that I hope so.

MUCH the finest thing in Commander Evans's lecture was the impromptu aside with which he finished his account of Scott's call for an extra man from Evans's party for the final advance to the Pole. The choice—coveted by all—fell on Captain Oates. "And he jolly well deserved it," commented Evans. Oates went to his death.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE WORLD-SOUL.

From the earliest times the idea of a World-Soul has haunted the contemplative mind of man. For as soon as reflection began to seek order in the loose instinctive animism that found a separate spirit in each river and each tree, in wind, and fire, and sunshine, and the different powers of Nature, the notion of a hierarchy with a dominating spirit of the earth, or the wider universe, was certain to emerge. The visions of poets and the speculations of thinkers were continually discovering the spiritual secret of a world filled with a single indwelling life. The hard, formal title, pan-theism, ill expresses the rush of sympathy and of understanding which must have come to the brooding mind of still half-savage man when he came first to generalise his experiences, and to recognise his life as a part of a larger life of Nature. It often seems a pity that theologians and formal philosophers should ever have interfered with this half-instinctive, half-reasoned faith. For these system-mongers, with their abrupt distinctions between matter and spirit, the animate and the inanimate, this world and another world, and above all with their removal of the seat of world government to an external region, placed almost insuperable obstacles in the path of this natural religion. It is true that in all ages and countries men of profound nature, thinkers or saints, have surmounted these popular traditions, and by virtue of an inner light have proclaimed the truth that this world is not evil, but divine, that it is man's proper home, in which he lives in vital communion with all other living things. Sometimes the unity of this life, the World-Soul, has been regarded as an emanation of a still larger universal spirit, as in the Platonic teaching and in some expositions of Buddhist doctrine. More often it comes to us as the vivid concrete expression of a natural genius for sympathy, as in the famous "Canticle of the Sun," in which St. Francis addresses "my brother the Wind," and "our sister Water." In a Blake, a Shelley, or an Emerson, we find, of course, a more developed "mysticism," of which this same deep sympathy with Nature is the chief ingredient. It is always the proper food of poetry, and is by no means confined to those upon whom "common sense" has set the ban of "mysticism." No one has proclaimed the spirit of the earth with so deep and convincing a realism as George Meredith.

But, nevertheless, it is to the growth of the modern scientific temper and imagination that we in the West owe most distinctly the reconquest of this central thought. When Giordano Bruno spoke of the earth as "this great animal of ours," the natural sciences were already enriching with vast stores of illustration the conception of a single all-pervading life. As the gathering sense of a single developmental purpose, in which the innumerable modes of life and the energy which inspires them found a unity of natural law, possessed the mind of a Goethe, the rich meaning of the animated world began to assert itself as the secret faith of all genuinely thoughtful men who had sufficient strength of mind to throw off the trammels of traditional theology.

To the reception of this faith there are, however, two main obstacles. One is the so-called practical nature of the Western man, whose inherent individualism, and stress upon concrete particulars, prevent him from assimilating the conception of a spiritual unity to which even the sciences that he respects bear testimony. It ought, however, to be possible to present the idea of a World-Soul, not, indeed, as a fact susceptible of exact proof, but as a scientific hypothesis, attested by a body of solid arguments. Indeed, the new book of Mr. Fielding Hall, which has suggested the theme of this article ("The World-Soul." Hurst & Blackett), traces to Darwin's works the first opening of this thought in the author's mind. The interdependency, and therefore the unity, of all life is a more important truth

than that of the evolution of species, which it indeed subsumes as one of the methods in which the single life-force finds expression:—

"All life is one: no part of it could exist without all the others. Insects exist to fertilise flowers, and flowers to provide food for insects; birds and beasts of prey exist for the benefit of the races on which they live; the animals or birds they prey on exist for them. Man lives by and on plants and animals, and they by and for him. Everything is inextricably connected with all other life. Nothing exists or could exist alone."

Not merely is this unity in multiplicity of life firmly established, but science is questioning the validity of the barriers between the animate and the inanimate world, seeking to extend the dominion of the World-Soul. But whether these more audacious speculations succeed in finding a common life pervading all forms of matter in varying degrees, or whether the world-history consists in the struggle between a limited life-force and a more or less intractable matter, is not of the first importance for the thinkers of to-day who, like Mr. Fielding Hall, are seeking to clear the spiritual course for the acceptance of a truly natural religion. For the chief obstacle which confronts them is the perversion of this revelation by the Churches. It is Mr. Fielding Hall's contention that the great sympathetic thinkers of the world have always set themselves to reveal this doctrine of the World-Soul to the "little children" of this world; but that the Churches, with their professional priests, and the rules and ceremonials evolved to support their authority, have always overlaid and perverted the teaching by substituting for the simple vital truths their Church-made mysteries.

In several earlier books Mr. Fielding Hall brought some fresh stores of balm and oil from the East to heal the wounds which the Churches had made in Christianity. From Burma in particular, he brought a story of a gentler, a humaner, and a more spiritual people than ours, containing as its germ that real sense of a larger life needed to curb the arrogance and the brutality alike of individual and collective man. But the present very striking book aims quite definitely at reclaiming the true gospel of Christ from "Christianity." It is a work of "clearance" to which he sets himself. The work of Jesus, as he presents it, by examination of the words and deeds, was to establish a faith in the World Father, appealing to that Inward Light which is the fragment of the World-Soul in each of us, and with which we work out our salvation and the world's salvation in this life. The asceticism of the Churches, and the substitution of some thin metaphysical hereafter as a pretext for refusing to live and let live here on earth, are to him literally the unpardonable sin, the deliberate extinction of the inward light that bids us live the fullest and most joyous life of which we are capable. Our "daily bread" and the "Divine Will done here by us on earth" are the central themes of the great illustrative prayer of Jesus, which is no petition to an Outside Power for help, but is directed to "that portion of the World-Soul within us." Prayer, confession, and the other modes of the religious life enjoined by Christ have, he claims, no valid meaning except for the life of the World-Soul within us. The moral and the rational perplexities which orthodox Christianity presents to all sincere minds drop away as soon as this idea of the inner light as the director of this earthly life is sympathetically seized.

All miracles that are not the natural fruits of full human powers fall away from Christianity, and are not missed. So does the scheme of salvation in another world, invented by theologians in order that ordinary men and women may not live anything worth calling life in this. The harping upon sin and the repression of carnal desires, the rooted distrust of human feelings, the postponement and externalisation of Heaven and Hell, all belong likewise to the falsification of religion by the Churches:—

"Don't believe that the World-Soul wants purity and innocence. They are negative qualities and make for death, not life. The World-Soul wants passion and emotion, love to good things, hate to evil things, courage and honesty and control, and all sorts of gifts of every kind. For the World-Soul has to subdue all nature, and it can only do that with wisdom.

It wants the souls of engineers, builders, architects, farmers, every kind of knowledge, of men and of women. It wants the souls of doers and seers. It doesn't mind you having made mistakes; everyone does that, and very likely you couldn't help them. What the World-Soul won't stand are souls that have refused to live, that have rejected the wine of life offered to them, that have cultivated a fear and a distaste of God as seen in His great work, the World."

All this is not new, and it may seem not a little dangerous. But because sayings are dangerous it does not follow that they are not true; it does follow that timid souls will obstinately deny their truth.

How far Mr. Fielding Hall's detailed rectification of the gospel teaching will commend itself to Western liberalism may well be doubted. In all such tasks there is a great temptation to over-ingenuity, as may be seen alike in the terse dogmatism of Tolstoy and the diffuse adaptiveness of Sir Oliver Lodge in dealing with the same material. But Mr. Fielding Hall is always well worth reading, for no Englishman has done more to bring the light of Asia to bear upon some of the darker corners of our Western life. Perhaps there is no ray of this Asian light which, if it can be got to penetrate the armor of our self-pride, would prove more healing than this spiritual doctrine of the union of man with Nature. For here, if anywhere, is found at present the widest emotional and intellectual severance of Eastern and Western man, a thought to which eloquent expression is given in the opening lecture of a series which Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Indian poet, is giving now in London. "In the West the prevalent feeling is that Nature belongs exclusively to inanimate things and to beasts, that there is a sudden unaccountable break where human nature begins. According to it, everything that is low in the scale of beings is merely Nature, and whatever has the stamp of perfection in it, intellectual or moral, is human nature. But the Indian mind never has any hesitation in acknowledging its kinship with Nature, its unbroken relation with all."

MOORE'S NEW MODEL.

Four years ago, when the centenary of Sir John Moore's death at Corunna was celebrated, we pointed to his memory as one of the tricks of fame. But for a poet he would be forgotten, and the poet would be forgotten but for him. People remember nothing of the hero but his burial, and nothing of the poet but the verses which make the burial remembered. Never have a word and a deed been so interwoven for immortality. The thirty-two lines of the poem, beginning with such splendid suddenness—"Not a drum was heard"—move like battalions marching with arms reversed. They are our poetry's "Dead March in Saul." They sound the sombre lamentation of three volleys fired in the air. They are the noblest Last Post that ever the bugles of England blew over a soldier's grave. The few cold or old-fashioned words which they contain are merged and lost in the heartfelt mourning of the whole. No wonder our people have adopted them as the national dirge, and their very rhythm and phrases have passed into the intimacy of our language, winning the perpetual honor alike of parody and of praise. Yet Charles Wolfe wrote nothing else that would be remembered if he had not written that. His dirge upon a woman, certainly, contains two great lines:—

"But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be."

But the rest of the poem is comparatively cold and common. But for Corunna it also would be forgotten, like the poet.

It is more remarkable that, but for the poet, Sir John Moore himself would be forgotten, except by military students. He was undoubtedly one of our greatest soldiers—a man to rank beside Cromwell, Marlborough, and Wellington. It is not his death and burial, but his life and deeds, that should make him famous. Few have shown such a combination of wisdom and daring in warfare, or of courage, charm, and humanity in personal life. St. Lucia knew him, and Holland, and Cadiz, and

Egypt, and Sicily, and Sweden, and even the House of Commons under Pitt. Irishmen may still give him a grateful thought for his comparative mercy to the unhappy patriots of 'Ninety-eight and Vinegar Hill; also for his admiration of Wolfe Tone, and for a summary of his speech at the court-martial. Soldiers still honor him for the marvellous skill of his landing at Alexandria under Abercromby. Politicians may thank him for discouraging one crazy scheme of the Government after another, though each time he debarred himself from the command which was his natural ambition. And when at last the command was his, he put it to the finest use. By an inspiration of genius he devised the blow at Napoleon's communications in Spain, and the best historians have maintained that by this blow he altered the whole course of European history, and started the train of events that led to Napoleon's downfall. General Maurice, in his great edition of Moore's diary, has gallantly called it "the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant stroke of war of all time." At all events, it showed the kind of genius that inspired Cromwell, Stonewall Jackson, and De Wet. Napoleon at once perceived that it was a move worthy of himself, and no further praise is needed.

But that was only the final and crowning act of so distinguished a life. His command of a small army-corps in Spain lasted only from October, 1808, till his death in the middle of the following January. In December he advanced from Portugal to Salamanca, expecting to support a large and enthusiastic Spanish army reported to be there. As often happens in Spain, there was no enthusiasm, and there was no army. But stretching right across his bare front, from the Pyrenees to Madrid, lay the enormous armies of France, 400,000 strong, commanded by the greatest soldier the world has ever known. It was the depth of winter. Moore's supplies were bad. England, as usual, had forgotten to send him money, and the commissariat contractor, as usual, was filching his profits by starving the troops. Then it was that Moore took his great resolve, and instead of retiring by safe and easy roads to Lisbon, as Napoleon expected, he advanced to Sahagun, threatening the long and delicate lines of communication by which the French supplies had continually to be passed from Bayonne to Madrid.

That was the stroke, and the effect was instantaneous. It brought Napoleon rushing up by one of his lightning marches to Astorga, where he had ordered Soult to meet him and enclose Moore's little force. They met, like stars in their courses. They mustered over 80,000 men. But Moore with his 19,000 had already slipped out between them, and had begun the terrible march to Corunna, continually harassed every day of the fortnight by Soult and Ney, hanging on his rear. We know the result—the gallant struggle to the sea, the final battle, the assured victory, complete had not the General fallen. On the day of the failure at Astorga, Napoleon left Spain for ever. Whether, as he gave out, disturbing news from Austria recalled him, or whether he recognised that Moore had given what he called the lockjaw to his designs in Spain, may be disputed. At all events, he left, and the field was open to Wellington.

That, in brief, was Moore's stroke of war, "the boldest, the most successful, the most brilliant of all time," as has been gallantly said. But it is not only brilliant strokes of war that make the general, and we are now invited to honor Moore for other and even nobler qualities. Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen, General Neville Lyttelton, and other distinguished officers, besides Lord Haldane, who cannot allow arms to be silent in the midst of laws, are appealing for some memorial—a military library and, perhaps, a statue (God rest all Christian souls!)—to be erected to Moore at Shorncliffe. The place is chosen because it was at Shorncliffe that Moore trained his Light Brigade, which afterwards became Wellington's celebrated Light Division. Certainly some memorial is needed, for, except in the General Staff and on the Woolsack, no one remembers Moore's work in camp, and even on the field all are quite content to leave him alone with his glory. But his service in training the Light Brigade was as vital as his blow at Napoleon's lines, and far more significant than his death and burial. It trans-

formed, not only the equipment and tactics, but the very spirit of our army.

It was six or seven years before his death, Moore being then about forty. He had returned from his brilliant service under Abercromby in Egypt, and was given what we should now call the command of the South-east District, with headquarters at Brighton or Chatham, but more usually at Sandgate or Shorncliffe. Though the Peace of Amiens was patched up, it was clearly shortlived, and for over two years an invasion of the South Coast was continually expected. Napoleon was building ships and boats of one kind or another at every port, and even far up the French rivers. At Boulogne he constructed the great basin to accommodate a thousand vessels, and protected it with forts. There seems no doubt that his design of invasion with a vast and variegated flotilla was serious, and that from the end of 1802 almost to Trafalgar, but especially in the winter of 1803-1804, the attempt was very probable. No doubt, our seaman's boast was justified when, after proclaiming the glories of the Navy, he continued, "and if they should venture to contaminate our holy shores, we will eat them up like shrimps"; but on Moore lay the responsibility of ensuring the completeness of the meal. Just across the wristband of sea, on white cliffs well within sight of ours, stood the Conqueror with his invincible armies, making ready for the blow. Along the English shore was posted Moore's brigade, on which the first brunt of the attack would fall. That was the situation when he began to create his New Model.

He took other steps. He dissuaded the Government from "driving," or devastating the country so as to starve the enemy's supplies, as the Russians did nine or ten years later with such effect. He believed that the south coast was too rich to be successfully "driven." He urged them rather to arm the whole male population who were willing to serve, and, in fact, 342,000 volunteers were enrolled, making a force of over half-a-million with militia and regulars—a very large number in proportion to our population a century ago. But his own brigade was to be the shield or spear-point of these ill-armed and partially-trained masses, and the first object was to convert at least part of these troops into Light Infantry. The idea seems to have arisen during the American War of Independence, when specially alert, active, and highly-equipped men were required to act against the Red Indians. Moore had been much impressed by the necessity of the change at St. Lucia in 1796, and now that he held a command of his own, he began to work it out. First he transformed the 52nd (apparently his favorite regiment) into Light Infantry—a title it still keeps, with the addition of "Oxfordshire." Gradually, after watching the experiment, he added the 43rd and a Rifle Regiment. This made the basis of the Light Division, under Wellington, which Sir William Napier described as "soldiers unsurpassable, perhaps never equalled." He also quotes another contemporary general who wrote that, when the Light Division joined the other forces at Talavera, though new to war, they were looked up to from the very first as the veterans of the army; "and," he continued, "by their discipline they sustained that character throughout the war, committing no blunders, and showing themselves the same orderly soldiers in the breach as in the line."

Partly it was a matter of equipment and tactics—the substitution of flexible line for solid column. It was, in fact, a most important step towards the modern form of attack in extended order which the breechloader, the magazine rifle, and the machine gun have compelled whole armies, and not merely special troops, to adopt. But chiefly, as Sir William Napier insisted, it was a matter of training, of "discipline" in its highest sense; that is to say, the promotion of confidence between man and man, and especially between officers and men. Discipline of that kind can only be inspired by personality, and it was Moore's success in creating it that justified Lord Roberts and the other officers in saying that, as a trainer of troops, England has never possessed his equal. In the year of his death, Colborne (Lord Seaton), who commanded the 52nd during the Peninsular campaign, and with it struck so decisive a blow at

Waterloo, wrote in praise of his old chief, as quoted in Maurice's edition of the "Diary":—

"His life was spent among the troops. The whole force of his abilities was unremittingly employed in devising and executing measures for promoting the comforts and advancing the efficiency of the soldiery. The camp at Sandgate (Shorncliffe), where he had the opportunity of carrying through and exemplifying fully the effect of his plans, will long be recollected as exhibiting the perfection of military economy and discipline. It was a school of unrivalled repute for officers as well as men. To have served there is a recommendation of a candidate for employment. . . . Sir Arthur Wellesley is now pursuing the French with troops essentially improved at least, if not formed, by Sir John Moore."

When we remember that even Wellington spoke of his soldiers as scum, and that his method of discipline was to flog and hang his troops into order, let us by all means contribute to a military library at Shorncliffe, and even to a statue with a martial cloak around it, if only we can preserve the praise due to the wise and courageous soldier who, among brilliant feats of arms, had the wisdom and courage thus to transform the treatment of men.

ON PROMISES.

SINCE Diogenes went out with his lantern, one may doubt whether there has been a finer ironical performance than the "test case" which Mr. Arthur Macgillicuddy brought this week against a Member of Parliament. Mr. Macgillicuddy went out to look for an honest man, and he looked among the candidates for Southwark. What is more, he supposed that he had found him. To heighten the moral miracle, he asks us to believe that his honest man succeeded, headed the poll, and passed the needle's eye, or whatever the aperture may be, which leads to Parliament. The years passed, and Mr. Macgillicuddy actually reminded him of his promises. It was a cleverly affected simplicity. At length—for there has been no indecent haste in this finely-conceived joke—Mr. Macgillicuddy feigned first disillusionment and then indignation, and with his grievance big within him, called to the law for justice. This, perhaps, was to broaden irony into farce; but we will not be unduly critical. A joke which survives through the years can hardly be stationary. It must grow if there is life in it. The climax came on Monday, before Judge Grainger and a jury. Mr. Macgillicuddy sued his member for breach of promise, or breach of contract, or, in plain terms, for the non-fulfilment of his election pledges. What the pledges were we need not too nicely inquire. They related, we gather, to corruption in public life. There was an election address. Pledges are an unmitigated mischief, but no election address should be without this evil. Mr. Macgillicuddy developed his case with some skill. He produced his member's letters, and he was able to show that his protests against the non-fulfilment of these promises had put him to trouble and expense. Corruption in public life there still is, and the Member for Southwark has done nothing to check it. We question whether he has even brought a rumor to the notice of a Commission. The plaintiff, in consequence, has been out of pocket, and the member meanwhile has drawn his salary. The Judge, it must be admitted, entered fully into the spirit of the joke. What the soldier said was not evidence, and what the member promised is not a contract. He applied the great principle of *caveat emptor*. Mr. Macgillicuddy, in short, should have known better than to trust an election promise. The whole transaction had been in accordance with the time-honored custom of "Vanity Fair." "If there is any Member of Parliament in this world who has fulfilled all his pledges, I should like to see him." And that, we take it, was exactly Mr. Macgillicuddy's point. The lantern has not found the honest man.

This "test case" will, we hope, do much to sweeten the acerbities of public life. It ought, in particular, to bring much comfort to women. Some time ago, under the auspices of Lord Cromer, a meeting, devotional in character, was held in the Queen's Hall. It was attended (in so far as it was attended) solely by men, and its object was to exhibit the nobility of their devotion to the Empire-building and other manly sports. Its

promoters explained that it might do much to rehabilitate the Imperial sex in the eyes of modern womanhood, and to correct the irreverence which the suffrage movement has fostered. Its success was partial, and the reason of its failure probably was that the rather extensive breaking of pledges by life-long suffragist members of the "hitherto" school revived for a time all the old unthinking bitterness. Mr. Macgillicuddy has deserved well of his sex. He has demonstrated that if women have been the victims of this practice, there was nothing exceptional, nothing invidious, in the distinction which was thrust upon them. He has administered, though, perhaps without intending it, the conventional consolations of philosophy. This case is common; it is even human. Men also suffer from the breaking of pledges; a vote is no protection, and sex no safeguard.

We cannot affect, however, to think that the situation is wholly satisfactory. But for this evil it is useless to devise palliatives. We are quite of Mr. Macgillicuddy's mind. Parliament, as he reminded us, has been in existence for close upon 650 years, and "that representative assembly has never yet given satisfaction." That is perhaps a rash statement, and it is possible that if he were to consider history more closely he would admit his mistake. We never heard, for example, that any public dissatisfaction was ever expressed with the conduct of the two members for Old Sarum. There was no one to call it in question. It is a dangerous thing to discard the wisdom of our ancestors, and it is possible that this "test case" may bring us all to the perception that reform has gone too far and too fast. No easy remedy will serve, and as far as we can see, there is a choice only between two courses. One is to abolish members, and the other to abolish electors. Our ancestors tried both plans with success, and simultaneously. Some places had no member, and others no electors. Consider, for example, the striking case of the Borough of Gatton, returning two members to Parliament. Its fee simple was put up to auction in the last years of the eighteenth century. The auctioneer drew an alluring picture of the advantages which this purchase promised to the highest bidder:—

"Need I tell you, gentlemen, that this elegant contingency is the only infallible source of fortune, titles, and honors, in this happy country? That it leads to the highest situations in the State? And that meandering through the tempting sinuities of ambition, the purchaser will find the margin strewn with roses, and his head quickly crowned with those precious garlands that flourish in full vigor round the fountain of honor."

This may seem beside the point. But the auctioneer went on to point out in no obscure terms the advantages which this system of choosing members had in disposing of the particular difficulty with which Mr. Macgillicuddy is concerned. He reminded any gentleman who had "made his fortune in either of the Indies," that if he would embark on this halcyon sea, there would be "no tempestuous passions to allay; no tormenting claims of insolent electors to evade; no tinkers' wives to kiss; no impossible promises to make; none of the toilsome and not very clean paths of canvassing to dredge through." Here, then, is one solution, and we question whether any modern expedient, any further plunge into untried innovations and speculative experiments, will discover a better. In those days there were no complaints from Old Sarum or Gatton about unfulfilled pledges. We rejoice to recall that a Redistribution Bill is due. That, we are convinced, and not the doubtful procedure of the Law Courts, is the hopeful method of solution. If Southwark were disfranchised, and Gatton restored to its place in the Constitution, Mr. Macgillicuddy's grievance would forthwith disappear.

There is perhaps another way out of the difficulty, but we hesitate to advance it. The solution we have indicated is moderate, constitutional, even conservative. The other method is undoubtedly liable to abuse. But it too may claim the sanction of age and the warrant of philosophy. If pledges are not kept, perhaps it is because pledges ought not to be given. About the same time that Gatton was put up for sale, Godwin was pro-

posing in "Political Justice" the total abolition of all promises. It was one of the first deductions from the new utilitarian philosophy, and undoubtedly it fits our special case. It is easy to make out a strong case against promises. Do I promise to do my duty? Then the promise does but urge me to do from a precarious and temporary motive what ought to be done from its own intrinsic recommendations. It adds nothing to the obligation. If, on the other hand, it contradicts duty, that is a sufficient condemnation. By a promise we bind ourselves to learn nothing from time, to profit nothing by acquired wisdom, to make no use of the virtue which exercise shall bring, of the knowledge which experience shall accumulate. To give a promise is, in short, to perform an immoral act, and to offend against reason by debarring us from the unfettered use of our understandings. Godwin did indeed admit that in the trivial engagements of daily life, promises were perhaps a necessary evil. He even conceded that when one has made them, it was well to keep them. On the other hand, he made an end of marriage as the worst and rashest of promises. It may indeed be argued that he poured out the baby when he emptied the bath. But it must be conceded that his solution made a clean sweep of unfulfilled pledges, and Tolstoy, in his sermons from the text, "Swear not at all," followed him closely, if unconsciously. It is, on the whole, a cleaner and more final solution than that which Judge Grainger indicated. One may as he suggested, vote for the other man. That would be to some extent a remedy, if one could be sure that the other man also would leave his presumably opposite pledges unfulfilled. But how if he should keep them? Of two evils, that would be clearly the worse. There may be objections to Godwin's plan. It will be found, on reflection, that "Back to Old Sarum" is the easiest as it is the only infallible remedy.

DANDELION SUMMER.

WE have waited a little for our dandelion summer in order to get a still more wonderful display than they have on the slightly lower lands where the flowers first bloom in mass. It is one of the things so evident as to be recorded of science, that this and some other flowers come in richer hue for a few hundred feet of elevation. They are as blood-oranges to lemons by comparison with those we saw bloom in April. A single fine day will teach a field to shine like gold that has been "colored" by the jeweller's acid, though yesterday it was no more brilliant than a strewing of Australian sovereigns. The straight stroke of a mountain sun, free not only from cloud but from the sub-haze that belongs to the lowland stratum, brings a blush into these yellow faces that raises them to orange, and makes them scintillate as though with smiles. We remember that in Switzerland where the same fire that warms the dandelion yellow animates the gentian blue. We forgot that a mere thousand-foot table-land had magic too, and so the sudden blaze of an upland field, all little suns answering the blaze of the Great Sun, choked us with a wonder like that which brought Linnaeus to his knees before a gorse bush.

There are many other ways in which fields become sheets of color. Successful culture gives us lands of crimson sainfoin, forget-me-not, lucerne, the strawberry-beaded clover that farmers call trifolium, blue flax, and, in Norfolk, acres and acres of yellow mustard. Our weed mustard, the charlock, may be relied upon in spite of all culture to golden an occasional fallow, and the moon-daisies will whiten more or less wholly many meadows where sweet vernal would be more welcome. But when the dandelion comes it appears in every field, ploughed, sown, or grass; it threads them all together by lifting its saucy blossoms all along the road, plastering them tight on the well-nibbled turf of the common, rearing them through tall clover or even beans, leaping upon walls, descending into moats, carrying its torch of summertime everywhere. Neither does any one of those other flowers produce its effect by the same simple means as the

dandelion. They are in corymbs or racemes or spikes or on stalks that bear leaves, and hover between herbaceousness and blossom. With buds and blossoms and seeds one above another, they are really a rabble, only seeming to be an army when just at the proper distance. The dandelion has no distance. It is a broad blaze of gold when you see it by the hundred acres, and a broad blaze of gold when you pick a single blossom. It builds for the day the whole thing from the ground up. A stalk of exactly the required length, half-an-inch, five inches, a foot, or even a yard, on the best engineering principles hollow, stronger and more economical in material and in time than a solid one of the same weight. And as soon as the stalk is up to the required height, the big round sunflower is ready to open if the sun shines.

To shine when the sun shines, to close when he goes in and to respond, degree by degree, to every change in his geniality and strength. The buttercup is either open or closed. It has one metallic glitter of wonderful mother-of-pearl kind of brilliance, but no texture. The dandelion is a clubbed head of three or four hundred florets. So is the daisy, but some of its florets make an unchanging yellow face in the middle, the rest are a sort of white whisker. Here we have four hundred little sensitive cells that contract and dilate and hold little shadows of tone to express the flower's joy at being shone upon. As Culpepper says: "It is nicked in with deep spots of yellow in the middle." The ecstasy of the daisy has to be taken for granted. It has the self-control of a Stoic. In fine weather it is "out," in dull weather it is "in," and that is all. "A fine day," is its empty greeting, but the dandelion tries to say how exceedingly beautiful or thrillingly warm a really nice May day is. To the same stroke every blossom responds, and the fields blaze into orange, sink into yellow, wink green, and flame up again as the sun fares in his conflict with the clouds. You see the shadow pass, and the sunshine return, and then in a few minutes the sleeping flowers wake up and go through the gamut that ends by eclipsing the green of their neighbors with a complete testudo of blazing targes.

A measure thrown into the field at random shows eleven blossoms in a square foot. Call them ten, and there are 47,000 to the acre, and more than half-a-million in this eleven-acre field. The florets are two hundred millions, and each is rushing to become a winged seed to fly in the wind and colonise other fields. The life of a dandelion in really fine weather is surely but a day. Certainly flowers that seem in their prime at ten in the morning are hoary "clocks" by two in the afternoon. So Longfellow made Shawondasee's wooing of "the tall and slender maiden" far too leisurely:—

"Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.

Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snowflakes."

These yellow maidens, and their name is billion, woo ardently and burn quickly. They give the bees a royal welcome, filling them with honey, and adding the unmistakable guerdon of great round pollen-bundles of flaming orange. But except in pure eugenics, they are little bounden to the bees. Without them, every floret becomes a balloon, and flies away to seed another niche of ground. A field of clocks, waiting to tell the wind the time of day, is as striking a sight as a field all in yellow. It is silver-grey, it is dazzling white, as the glance of the light changes. It is a mat of cobwebs, and as the upward draw of the hot air catches it, the plants loosen their snowstorm. There is no dirty alley in the thickest and largest town that does not have its dandelion bubble blown through it.

You would think it was the only weed we had, and that there was no fight possible against it. This is not, however, the great weed this year. The farmers are everywhere spending large sums of money in the pulling

of docks, which the late wet summer rooted very deeply in their land, and the gay dandelions are apparently ignored. But have the curiosity to grub up a few in a ploughed field, and you will see how they have to fight for their living. The first has its root all laid along and half out of the ground, as the scuffle threw it when it "cleaned" the land. Its leaves are as green and its blossoms as yellow and numerous as this other, which resists pulling, because its root has been undisturbed. Another gives way far down, and the leaves have long white stalks wandering from a root, the crown of which was cut off six inches under the soil. A third rosette, with flowers complete, springs from a mere inch of stock. It is possible that the scuffle broke one plant into six, and trebled or quadrupled its number of flowers. We might be looking at a garden planted by some master of horticulture; it is but a battlefield whose dead men, however shattered and scattered, have attained Valhalla. Kill them again now, and they will "stay dead." It is only the excitement of dandelion summer that makes it worth while to fight Death at such long odds.

Only a little was needed to make this blossom more precious than the aster. It is undoubtedly more beautiful in the sculpture that catches and translates the sunshine. We could have made it blue and purple and red, for if it had been less aggressively healthy, that would have included the ability to change its color at the bidding of its human nurses. As a rare exotic to be grown under glass and planted out with great care in May, it would have become one of the greatest prizes of the garden. It might have ousted the sweet pea, or, at any rate, the viola, and some millionaire might have planted a solid bed of it, the size of a tennis court. It prefers to go its own way, and in spite of every hindrance, to emblazon the whole country-side with its faithful gold.

Music.

THE POTENCY OF WAGNER.

THOUGH more than a generation separates us from Wagner, though his music is more familiar to the world in general than that of any other composer, and though there have been many new developments in the art since his day, it is doubtful whether the true and ultimate significance of the man in the history of music is yet fully appreciated. He was one of those dynamically charged personalities after whose passing the world can never be the same as it was before he came—one of the tiny group of men to whom it is given to bestride an old world and a new, but to sunder them by a flood that becomes ever more and more impassable; one of the very few who are able so to fill the veins of a whole civilisation with a new principle of vitality that the tingle of it is felt not only by the rarer but by the commonest spirits—some new principle from which, whether a man likes it or not, he will find it impossible to escape. Wagner is probably the only figure in the whole history of music of which this can be said. Bach created no such upheaval. He counts for next to nothing in the music of his own day and that of the two generations that followed him. He did not make a new world in music: rather had a new world to be made before men's eyes were competent to take the measure of that towering stature, or men's hearts quick enough with life to respond to the profound humanism of that great soul. We were not fit for Bach until Beethoven and Wagner—and Wagner, perhaps, even more than Beethoven—made us so. Beethoven, again, had it not been for Wagner, would probably not have meant as much to us as he does now, or become the fertilising force he is in modern music; and even that fertilisation is effected through Wagner's work rather than along lines of Beethoven's own. If anyone doubts this, let him ask himself what new spirit of enduring vitality and power of propagation has come out of the Beethoven symphony pure and simple. Not Brahms, assuredly, great as he is: "arrested development" is written large upon the forms

and the ideas of all the music that has come out of Brahms's symphonies as clearly as upon those symphonies themselves. So far as modern instrumental music has developed in humanity of utterance or in breadth of structure, it is by assimilating from Beethoven, through Wagner, just the poetic spirit that Brahms passed by in Beethoven,—the spirit of which Beethoven was himself only dimly conscious, but which Wagner from the beginning saw to be inherent in him, and which he distilled from the general tissue of Beethoven's work and used in a new form for magical results of his own. The only explosive force in music at all comparable in general to Wagner was Monteverde. But Monteverde came a couple of hundred years too soon. The world was not ready for him—it is hardly a paradox to say that he was not ready for himself—and his explosion mostly spent itself in a desert. Wagner had first-rate luck in this as in everything else in his life that really mattered to him as an artist: not only had he the right dynamic spark within him, but he was born into an atmosphere made electrically ready by the passionate soul's cry of Beethoven. The explosion came—a cataclysmic upheaval, leading to a new geological formation, as it were, in music, new geographical delimitations, a new fauna and flora.

The secret of it all was the perfect naturalness of Wagner. His was perhaps the most naked mind that ever worked in art—so frankly and naturally nude that the thought of its own nudity could never have occurred to it. It has always been the most puzzling of problems to psychologists to square Wagner the artist with Wagner the man, to understand how from that feverish little egoist came the infinite world of humanity, love, sympathy, and pity there is in his music. Perhaps we start from the wrong point. Instead of trying to square the artist with the man we should endeavor to subsume the man under the artist. Then the paradox becomes less baffling. In Wagner the artist ate up everything else. To say that no artist was ever more nobly true to himself and his art is a mere commonplace that explains nothing; what made him so remarkable was that he did not know he was true to his art, because it was frankly impossible for him to imagine anyone looking at art and life in any other way than his. We might as well compliment a mathematician for being true to the doctrine that two and two make four. Even more than Bach and Beethoven did he work from out of the very centre of the heart of an impulse to which he could have given no name, and whose pure behests he would no more have thought of disobeying in the interests of friends or foes or family or food than of denying himself bodily meat and drink and air. It was because he saw not only art but life from his own angle as an artist—saw men and women only as aids to his own artistic development, or hindrances to it—that he fell so often from one's normal standard of merely human kindness and honor. There is something both humorous and pathetic in his yearning for the "free man of the future"—the kind of being he gives us a glimpse of in the young Siegfried. He himself was the freest of men; but freedom such as his is possible only at the cost of some limitation of the freedom of a number of other people. It is a queer sort of freedom that takes the form of using Minna's heart to light Madame Wesendonck's fire, or that solves the problem of how to live well without soiling your soul with disagreeable work, by sponging on your friends and bilking your tradespeople.

But however unpleasantly Wagner's passion for self-realisation may have sometimes worked out in actual life, it is one of the things we should be constantly thanking Providence for, that in art the natural man in him insisted on making its own world in its own way. Busoni, in his suggestive "Entwurf einer neuen Aesthik der Tonkunst," has remarked upon the curious formalism of most music, even the greatest. Here is an art fortunate enough to be free from all material factors: it is, as Busoni says, simply "sounding air," and is therefore presumably capable of a freedom of handling that should be the despair of workers in the other arts. Perfect freedom has yet to come; looked at from the heights, even giants like Bach and Beethoven and Mozart

are seen to be loaded with chains of their own and their fellows' forging, and to be performing the same timid evolutions again and again in one small corner of a field, while glorious leagues of unexplored country unroll themselves all round them. Bach and Beethoven enriched music by a sort of intensive culture of an inherited estate. Wagner was really the first to leap the fences and break down the gates and send his ploughshare deep into the bowels of a new earth. Almost from his earliest years he had an instinctive sense of the great force of emotional liberation that was struggling for an outlet in Beethoven's music. He was probably the only man in Europe to be aware of it and of its tremendous significance for the future. There were plenty of men who felt the greatness of Beethoven; but not one of them, apparently, saw him as Wagner did. It is evident that people like Mendelssohn and Robert and Clara Schumann, for example, with whom he talked much in the 'forties, had no inkling that out of the spume of this eager, restless mind the future of music was to be born. To them his far-darting talk about Beethoven was no more than the interesting speculations of a clever but slightly eccentric visionary. From the first he fastened upon the seminal essence of Beethoven's work—the attempt of a great soul, hampered somewhat by a transmitted form, to pour out an endless fund of quasi-dramatic emotion in music. The problem that lay before Wagner was how to release this fund of emotion, to give it wings that would carry it over the whole field of human life, to give it a new and more wonderful articulation. After years of struggling he found his way to the light. It was one of the extremely lucky "throws" of nature—a throw she will probably not achieve again for generations—that within the musician who had this unique vision of a music infinitely human and perfectly free there was a dramatist capable of providing the definite framework upon which the indefinite musical emotion could be woven into firm, coherent shapes. His theory that purely instrumental music had shot its last bolt with Beethoven, and that the choral ending to the Ninth Symphony is the unconscious, instinctive cry of the musician for the redemption of music by poetry, is the soundest of aesthetics if we do not take it too literally. Music *did* need this fertilisation by poetry if it was to win a new procreative power. Agreeable music has been made, and will continue to be made, by the passionless, disinterested weaving for its own sake of beautiful strands of tone. But great music must go deeper than this, and the deeper it goes the closer it comes to the heart; and our name for the necessities of the heart is poetry. The greater the burden of the soul of the musician, the more emphatically does his music suggest the actualities of human life. Wagner, like all the big men, had an instinctive sense of form—the ideas made their own form as they went along. He was not only an extraordinarily expressive singer but a consummate logician in music—one of the three composers who really deserve that title.

He has drawn a circle around opera, as Beethoven drew one round the old-time symphony, and Bach drew one round the fugue and the chorale prelude; it is no use for anyone else to try to enter these circles. Opera is now in a *cul de sac*—for the best of operas since Wagner's days simply stands in the same relation to his as Brahms's symphonies do to Beethoven. It looks as if the next great development will be along instrumental lines. The time is ripe for someone who will evolve out of Wagner as Wagner evolved out of Beethoven, not by way of direct succession in the same medium, but by the application to another medium of the essential spirit of his predecessor. Wagner made music drama out of the Beethoven symphony; the nineteenth century made the symphonic poem out of the Wagnerian music drama. But the full work is not yet done. Music cannot rest until it is set completely free from the external scaffolding of poetry and drama—till it shall tell its own poetic story as clearly in its own medium as the Beethoven symphony did. Nothing of the new store of emotion that Wagner and Strauss and others have won for music must be surrendered, but a new form, a new concision, a new logic must be

found for it, probably on some such lines as those suggested in the symphony of Mr. Frederic Austin that was given in London a few weeks ago. Strauss may one day do the ideal work, when he escapes from the theatre back into instrumental music, taking with him such good as the theatre has brought him, and leaving behind him the false and facile ideals by which he has occasionally allowed himself to be seduced.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Letters from Abroad.

FROM BERLIN TO BERNE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Friday last saw the election of the "Wahlmänner" for the Prussian Diet. These electors, as one may call them, will in a fortnight elect the members themselves. But their political color is known, and thus it is already pretty clear how the elected Chamber of the Prussian Diet will look for the next years.

Foreigners are mostly inclined to underestimate the importance of this Diet. They forget that Prussia covers three-fifths of the area of the German Empire, and contains over three-fifths of its inhabitants—over forty-one millions out of a total of sixty-six millions. And they generally ignore the great influence of this predominant partner on the policy of the Empire, and the heavy mass of legislative matter reserved in Germany for the legislature of the different States. The laws on Education of all degrees, on the relations of the State and Church, on local government with its many ramifications, on mines and agriculture, on rivers and canals, and, to a large extent, also on railways, are preserves of the State Diets. Besides, it is the States that administer most of the Imperial laws; amongst others, the laws on criminal and private jurisdiction. The State, as the tutor or guardian of the colleges and the universities, educates the future judges and attorneys, and in its capacity of executant of the Imperial laws, appoints and promotes these important functionaries, and influences their spirit. As the owner of almost the whole network of railways, of many mines and other enterprises, the State is, in Prussia, the employer of an army of over 700,000 officials and workmen. Last, but not least, the State holds the police under its control, and is entitled to police legislation of the most far-reaching character. Almost the whole legislation against the Poles is legislation of the Prussian State.

From all this, and from the fact that the Prussian King is the head of the Empire and lord of its army and navy, readers will understand how important these Prussian elections may be. Yet they are almost everywhere conducted in a sleepy, languishing fashion, and their result is regarded as a foregone conclusion. This, indeed, was the chief feature of the first and decisive part of this election. Hardly more than a third of the voters will have taken the pains to go to the polls, and the change in the numerical strength of parties in the elected chamber will be insignificant. The Conservatives may, in the end, lose some fifteen seats, but half of these will go to the National Liberals, whose Liberalism is of the most diluted kind. For the first time since the foundation of the Empire, as many as one-third of the seats, viz., 147 out of a total of 443, were not fought at all, but decided by what you in Great Britain call a walk-over. 137 of these non-contested seats are occupied by the parties of the Right—Conservatives, Liberal-Conservatives, and Catholic Centre people. The National Liberals hold six, the Radicals or Progressive Populists none of them.

The general drowsiness of the electoral movement and the hold of the Reactionists on the majority of the seats are principally due to the rotten electoral law, with its division of the voters into three classes, the indirect, the open, and the registered vote. The law was contrived in 1849 to deter as many people as possible from voting, and so well has it served this purpose that only once—in 1852—have over one-third of the voters gone to the poll.

But it is not the law alone which is responsible for the slovenly election. No class is more injured by the electoral law than the class of the wage-earners, and no party more curtailed in its representation than the Social Democratic Party. At the last election it brought considerably more voters to the poll than the two Conservative parties together. But the latter, with not quite 400,000 votes, took 212 seats, almost half of the whole House, whilst the Social Democrats, with over 600,000 votes, had only six members elected. No modern State knows such a disproportion. No wonder that the workers in Prussia never speak of this electoral law save in terms of hatred and disgust.

But they do not allow it to frighten or tire them. Voting takes a lot of trouble, and in more than nine-tenths of the divisions there is at present not the ghost of a chance of winning the seat for the Socialists. Yet the Social Democratic Party succeeded in increasing its votes by several hundred thousand, its total of votes cast being estimated at over a million. Everybody agrees that this is a wonderful achievement.

The picture looks different if you turn to the question of seats won. With a million of votes, assuredly more than a third of the whole, they have won no more than seven seats at the first ballot, and may at the second ballot add twelve or so to the total. A dozen seats out of a total of 443 for a party which represents one-third at least of the electorate!

The result might have been different but for the faint-heartedness of the Populist Party. Had this party made up its mind to continue with the Social Democratic Party for a common fight against the parties of reaction, it would have been possible for both to win a considerable number of seats. It would have been a co-operation of the third and second classes of voters against the first class, and this in a great number of divisions meant victory for the former. The Social Democrats had, at a congress of their Prussian branches, declared themselves ready for some such sort of concerted action. The conditions laid down by them may have been somewhat too strict for sensitive people, but no doubt was left that any reasonable proposal would be duly considered. However, instead of making counter-proposals, the Populists resolved not to deal with the Social Democratic Party at all, and entered into agreements with the National Liberals, some binding Populists not even to vote for a Social Democrat at a second ballot. They threw away the chance of an alliance with the admittedly most resolute, self-sacrificing, and solvent party in the land, the life-force of democracy, for alliance with a party which advocates a system of plural voting for Prussia, much worse than the one against which the Belgian Liberals and Socialists are fighting.

On the very days when Socialists and Populists fought each other bitterly in Prussia, and particularly in Berlin, representatives of both parties were meeting in Berne for a combined action in favor of international peace. I refer to the Whitsuntide Conference of French and German Parliamentarians, convened by members of all parties of the Swiss Federal Parliament. This convocation had for its immediate cause the appalling new increases of the armies of both countries. Quite apart from general human and pacifist considerations, thinking people in Switzerland, as well as in Belgium, see the security as well as the neutrality of their country endangered by these monstrous new armaments, so they appeal to Parliamentarians of both countries to come together and discuss in a friendly manner the conditions of a mutual understanding and the possibilities of the preservation of peace. The conference was, for a first attempt, remarkably well attended, even more considerably by Frenchmen than by Germans. It must, however, be observed that fourteen Socialist members of the German Reichstag were unanimously delegated by their whole Parliamentary group, and consequently represented a force of 110 members of the Reichstag, and that the Parliamentarians of the German Populist Party were prevented from sending a greater number of delegates by the elections in Prussia. The French senators and deputies, who were inscribed in the list of

the conference to the number of 185 altogether—164 deputies and 21 senators—were at first disappointed to see only between thirty and forty German Parliamentarians; but they were afterwards quite satisfied. During the whole conference the most friendly spirit prevailed. The speeches, by representative members of all the parties present, were, without exception, well considered and to the point, and a resolution worked out by a joint standing committee, strongly condemning Chauvinistic incitement and declaring for the proposal of Mr. W. J. Bryan to settle questions of international dispute by arbitration, was unanimously accepted amidst a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The bureau of the conference, composed of members of all the parties represented, was appointed to act as a standing executive committee of this *entente*, with a mandate to convene periodically similar conferences. The suggestion was that the next conference should, if possible, be held next year either in France or in Germany.

Without exaggerating the importance of this gathering, in which former and coming Ministers of France participated, it may safely be said that it has at any rate taken a first step, and a very impressive one at that. The appearance of so great a number of French Parliamentarians for this work of creating friendship deeply impressed the German delegates. For Germans, it was the first occasion on which representatives of the Social Democratic Party combined with representatives of other parties for work of this kind. Your correspondent, who was a member of the German section, can gladly affirm that the business of the section was discussed and settled as smoothly as could be desired. The German members of the standing executive committee of the Conference are August Bebel, the veteran leader of the German Social Democracy; Herr Conrad Haussmann, a leader of the Progressive Populist Party; and Dr. Ricklin, Chairman of the Diet for Alsace-Lorraine and a member of the Catholic Centre Party. His participation and that of some of his colleagues of the Alsatian Diet, Catholics, Socialists, and Liberals, was particularly significant. As on a former occasion, they distinctly affirmed that they did not want their country again to become a battlefield between France and Germany, and the conference endorsed this declaration by stating in its manifesto that it heartily thanked the representatives of Alsace-Lorraine for having "facilitated the approach of both countries to active union for the furtherance of civilisation."

In this way the Berne Conference had shown how good work can be achieved by international co-operation. The French newspaper, the "Temps," publishes the text of an alleged Bill directed against anti-German French newspapers and societies in Alsace-Lorraine, proposed, it says, by the Government of Alsace-Lorraine in the German Federal Council. The "Temps" has lately done much to embitter the relations between France and Germany, so that one is justified in hoping that its news will turn out to be a *canard*. The German official press is silent on the subject. Unfortunately, the Government of Alsace-Lorraine is appointed in or from Berlin, and it is not impossible that the bureaucratic spirit, which is still very powerful here, has indeed hatched such a proposal. But that it would meet with strong opposition in the Reichstag can be predicted as certain. Nevertheless, it would be a most regrettable political blunder. And it would in another sense illustrate the great difference which still distinguishes Berlin from Berne.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Berlin, May 18th, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

"HUMANITY IN RESEARCH."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am afraid I cannot deal with Mr. Paget's letter point by point as he asks me to. As he has not dealt with mine in that way, or indeed at all except for three flat con-

tradictions, as to which I can assure him he has been imposed on as usual, he will forgive me. Let me say comprehensively of his thirteen articles that, as far as they are relevant to the controversy (which is not saying much), they are—as far as I may say so without incivility, malice, or identification of Mr. Paget personally with his academic opinions—erroneous, abominable, damnable, abhorrent, and excommunicable. That, I think, meets the case very clearly and fairly.

As to Neisser, I leave Mr. Paget to tell the story himself in his own way, since he does not consider that I told it accurately. But what really interests us all is not in the least whether I have told three lies in sixteen words, as Mr. Paget avers, but whether Mr. Paget takes my sixteen words, true or false, as a calumny of Neisser or a compliment to him. From Mr. Paget's point of view there can be no possible objection to inoculating children with gonorrhea. Yet Mr. Paget seems to object. Is Saul, then, also among the prophets?

I said that the official theory of Malta fever has been most ignominiously disproved. Mr. Paget says I will not find, in all the world, one man of common-sense who will agree with me. This is rather hard on the medical profession, considering that the man who exploded the theory by the trite expedient of going to Malta and making a few simple inquiries on the spot, is described in "Who's Who," in addition to the surgical qualifications held by Mr. Paget and the diplomas of doctor and physician, as First Prizeman in Physiology, Operative Surgery, Pathology, and Forensic Medicine, Clarke scholar, Supple prizeman, and double gold medallist in surgery and medicine. Mr. Paget's contention that a man can be all this without having any common-sense is interesting. I suppose there is no use in my offering to fill the large Queen's Hall with people who agree with me, or to suggest that the rapid subscription of £4,000 to pay Miss Lindaf-Hageby's costs may indicate that the British nation is not quite so wholly prostrate at the feet of Mr. Paget as he thinks; for Mr. Paget would simply deny that the parties have any common-sense. I am therefore content with his admission that professors of physiology and pathology may suffer from the same very common disability. Note, by the way, how Mr. Paget, confronted with Miss Beatrice Kidd's clear and circumstantial account of how the Maltese mare's nest was converted into a British cocked hat, does not venture to challenge a single particular of it.

Now for Mr. Paget's new statements. "The life and health of children come before the life and health of guinea-pigs and rabbits." But that is a very bald example of this sort of arithmetic. The life and health of some children come before the life and health of others. The speed of communication on which our modern civilisation turns comes before the life and health of a few children playing carelessly in the street. The life and health of a starving child come before Mr. Paget's need for seeing a musical comedy. If the Research Defence Society is right, the life and health of Mr. Paget come before the life and health of Dr. Hadwen. Therefore, let motor mail-vans drive at fifty miles an hour through village streets. Let every man whose child is hungry pick Mr. Paget's pocket of half a guinea. Let the rickety child in the hospital be sacrificed to test a drug or a treatment or an operation before trying it on a sturdy little boy whose parents can afford to feed him and educate him properly. If vivisection is science, and science is to be the salvation of the world, and Dr. Hadwen is discrediting vivisection, "it is expedient that one man should die for the people"; so let Mr. Paget prescribe an overdose of his favorite drug, digitalis, to Dr. Hadwen. That is what comes of tomfooling with logic. I advise Mr. Paget to drop it. It is not his job.

Anyhow, it has nothing to do with the controversy. Mr. Paget is like the old critics of the Puritan who objected to bearbaiting. They called him a sentimentalist. "You are mistaken," he said. "You think I object to the pain inflicted on the bear. That does not concern me at all. What I object to is the pleasure the bearbaiting gives to the spectators." I am not fussing about the rabbit's feelings, greatly as I dislike cruelty to rabbits. What I do object to is turning a decent medical student into a scoundrel by teaching him the arguments that are used by all scoundrels. I had rather let our children take their chance of surviving without the help of vivisection (after all, children used occasionally to survive their ailments before the Research Defence

Society was founded) than destroy the souls of the men whose consciences are the living body of science. After this it would be an anti-climax to point out that a man who believes that the existence of the human race depends on the vivisection of rabbits and guinea-pigs is so obviously mad on this particular subject that it is hardly charitable to argue with him.

Says Mr. Paget, "Animals, for certain experiments under anæsthesia, are tied down, for this reason, and for this reason alone, that they cannot lie on their backs, as we can, when they are under anæsthesia." I did not know that animals, when vivisected, are always placed on their backs. Is Mr. Paget quite sure that they are? It must be inconvenient when the spinal cord has to be investigated. Besides, we humans do not have it all our own way. It is true that animals do not share with men and turtles the honors of the supine position. But then an animal can lie on its side more solidly than any man; and a turtle cannot lie on its side at all. Are men strapped down and gagged during operations which require them to lie on their sides? Are animals vivisected without straps and gags when the same position is convenient? Dr. Saleeby almost implied that all operations are conducted on tables similar to the one exhibited in the anti-vivisection shop in Bond Street. I am personally concerned in this, because I have been twice operated on; and I was not provided with a table or with gags or straps; and if this was an improper and unusual omission, I must ask Sir Anthony Bowlby what he meant by depriving me of my rights. The whole thing is very mysterious. And yet there can be no question as to what Mr. Paget means. "Animals are tied down for this reason, and for this reason alone, that they cannot lie on their backs as we can when we are under anæsthesia." Now that I think of it, I cannot lie on my back when I am under anæsthesia. I have to lie just as they put me.

"Tuberculin, in suitable cases, gives good results." Certainly it does. There was a quite celebrated case of a woman who had a tuberculous ulcer on her arm. On treatment with Koch's tuberculin, the arm promptly rotted off; and the woman, who was poor, was enabled to make a very welcome addition to her little income by exhibiting herself at the hospitals as an object-lesson. This was unquestionably a good result; and yet it led to the disuse of tuberculin until Sir Almroth Wright, instead of inoculating rabbits and guinea-pigs on the ground that their lives are less important than those of children, unexpectedly mixed tuberculin with a little of his own brains, and immediately made important discoveries which might just as easily have been made by the vivisectors if they had had any time to spare for really scientific work from their silly ancient Roman superstitions of groping in the entrails of animals for magical revelations.

"The efficacy of the protective treatment against typhoid fever has been proved, &c., &c." Of course it has—to the satisfaction of vivisectors. You can prove anything to the satisfaction of vivisectors, provided it is something improbable and disgusting. The efficacy of the treatment was proved to their satisfaction before the South African War broke out. That was why our troops were inoculated on the way out, with the result that for several months they were ignominiously vanquished by the Boers. And they died of typhoid in heaps after all.

"The suggestion that the Indian Government has killed six and a half millions of people with a serum treatment is, to say the least of it, false." Well, come! How does Mr. Paget know any more than I know? I did not make the statement; but I know that plague, which used to ravage London, has been extirpated without any serum treatment by common sanitation. And in the face of that fact, I am prepared to say that if any Government is credulous enough to trust to serums instead of to sanitation as a safe-guard against plague, a statement that the serums (or, rather, the people who advocate them and deny that ignorance, poverty, and dirt have anything to do with disease) are responsible for the deaths by plague, is much less sporting than the one I shall now quote from Mr. Paget's letter.

"No operation, more than the lancing of a vein just under the skin, is allowed to be done on any animal in this country unless the animal, throughout the whole of the operation, is under some anæsthetic strong enough to prevent it from feeling pain." I am glad Mr. Paget has committed himself to this statement, because it confirms

what I suspected: that he knows practically nothing about vivisection, and has never read the Act of Parliament by which vivisection was made legal when the vivisectors were threatened with prosecution for cruelty to animals. Anyone referring to the Act will find that in order to perform vivisection without anæsthetics, all that is necessary is to get two vivisectors to certify that the object of the operation would be defeated by the use of an anæsthetic. The Act is not difficult or obscure on this point: there is special provision and a special certificate; and every proposal to repeal this special provision is fiercely opposed by the vivisectors. They know, of course, that some of the most interesting experiments, those devised to investigate the physiology of emotion and of pain, would be illegal without this deliberate legalisation of torture.

Mr. Paget, after telling us that the great majority of experiments on animals are inoculations, adds that "the great majority of these inoculations may truly be said to be painless." To which I may add that the great majority of cases of syphilis—in fact, all of them—are inoculated; and that the inoculation is not only painless, but highly pleasurable. Nothing more need be said, I presume, to reconcile Mr. Paget to the practices and social conditions which are accountable for the prevalence of syphilis, and to persuade him that it causes no suffering to its victims.

As to Mr. Paget's peroration in the style of the temperance orators of bygone years, I will quote only the opening: "If the Anti-Vivisection Societies, some thirty years ago, had been able to stop all experiments on animals, they would be guilty, by this time, of all the pain, disease, and deaths which have been averted from mankind and the higher animals during these years, by the methods discovered through experiments on animals." Let me tell Mr. Paget for his comfort that they would in that case have very little, if anything, on their consciences; and they would be free of the guilt of banishing conscience from research. Those of us who have had cherished friends and relatives attacked by the diseases which the vivisectors claim to be able to cure, know best what value we have had for the guineas their announcements have drawn from our pockets into theirs. Those who are more fortunate have only to look at the Registrar-General's returns to see the rate at which we are still dying of the cures. If the men who have been stultifying themselves over vivisections for the last thirty years had been working in the paths of honor and mercy, and using their brains instead of carving living animals and calling it "Research," who shall say what they might not have discovered?

To which Mr. Paget will reply, as usual, with the old cry of the proprietary medicine vendor: "Another leg saved!" and will consider it cheap at the cost of another soul damned. And to think that the leg is generally not saved after all, but rots off, and is exhibited in hospitals for money!—Yours, &c.,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

May 20th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Stephen Paget says that Mr. Shaw "will not find, in all the world, one man of common sense who will agree with him" in his statement that the discovery of the cause of Malta fever has been "most ignominiously disproved."

His test of common sense is, no doubt, the capacity to swallow every cock-and-bull story told by the Research Defence Society, and incapacity to distinguish between facts and assertions by its Secretary.

I hope that Mr. Bernard Shaw will accept the invitation to deal with Mr. Paget's letter point by point; but in reference to one of them, may I be allowed to say that the theory that Malta fever was due to drinking goats' milk was blown out of the water by Dr Hadwen, and that answers to a series of questions I put to the Colonial Secretary proved beyond dispute:—

1. That the epidemic amongst our troops in Malta began to disappear rapidly six months before the prohibition of goats' milk.
2. That this commenced immediately on their removal from filthy insanitary barracks to new and sanitary buildings.

3. That cases of Malta fever have been halved amongst the general population, whilst much more of the milk is being consumed by them than ever before through the destruction of their exports of cheese made from goats' milk, which the famous theory effected?

Any man who knows the facts, and is not dominated by Mr. Paget's obsession, will consider that insanitation had more to do with the origin of Malta fever than goats' milk, and that the labors of an expensive Commission, and the destruction of unfortunate monkeys by artificial disease, might have been saved by the simple expedient of putting the drains in order.

This may not be Mr. Paget's brand of common sense, but persons of average brains will give it that name.

As to Neisser, whom London doctors selected for high honor, if your readers want the facts they should seek them from a source less prejudiced than your correspondent.

I have never met Mr. Paget, and only know of him through his letters in the press; but if he presumed less on popular ignorance, and realised that assertions without proof do not constitute facts, he might appeal with more success to "men of common sense."—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

House of Commons, May 19th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just read Mr. Stephen Paget's letter with amazement. He does not bring one single argument to bear on the question. All his letter is composed of assertions for which he gives no proofs. For example, in Clause 2, he says, "No man of common-sense" agrees with Mr. Shaw *re* Malta fever. That is all. He stamps his foot and says "damn," and then thinks he has confuted Mr. Shaw—quite in the manner of primitive man.

In regard to "Neisser," as he calls him, without any prefix, as if he were a criminal, he entirely evades the whole point. The accusation is that Dr. Neisser caused children to be inoculated with venereal disease without the knowledge of their parents. Does Mr. Paget say that is a false statement?—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM.

39, Chester Square, S.W.
May 17th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. J. H. Dancy, states that "two groups of anti-vivisectionists" have "proved their respective points absolutely conclusively"—namely, the view of Group 1, that Malta fever is due to goats' milk, but that animal experiment was unnecessary to establish the fact, and the view of Group 2, that Malta fever is not due to goats' milk at all.

My previous letter shows that I represent Group 2, but I am puzzled to discover who represents Group 1. My detailed criticism of the goats' milk theory, based on Dr. Hadwen's observations, was given in reply to certain editorial comments, so as Mr. J. H. Dancy obligingly suggests that he is in a "difficulty to know to which group to send his humble subscription," I am sure that you, sir, not representing an anti-vivisection society, will waive your claim in favor of the British Union for Abolition of Vivisection. From the tone of Mr. Dancy's letter, however, I am not exactly sanguine about its receipt.

I have re-read your article in order to discover what Mr. Dancy means by "absolute conclusive proof." I find it to consist in the following sentences: "There was good reason to suspect, from observation alone, that this prevalent local fever was caused by the milk supply from goats. Bacteriology confirmed this suspicion under the microscope." Will you pardon my saying that a mistake has here been demonstrated? "Observation alone" had decided that whatever else was the cause, milk certainly was not. So much was admitted by Sir David Bruce. Bacteriology simply found microbes, which proved nothing concerning the fever.

The facts given in my letter are of a very different character from the speculative reasoning of your article, obviously written without much knowledge of the contro-

versy itself. This is indeed admitted in your sentence, "let us accept all the statements and statistics in this classical instance." The statements and statistics of Sir David Bruce cannot be taken, because they are at variance with the known facts. He told the Royal Commission on Vivisection that the average of cases in the Army had been 700 a year, whereas it had been between 200 and 300 only; he confused two vessels on which goats were carried, and treated them as one vessel, which led to the pointing of a false moral; and his remark that "broadly every man who drank the milk took Malta fever" was found, on examination, to mean that five people were alleged by a bacteriological test to have had Malta fever, out of a total of ninety plus an unknown number on two quarantine stations! This "classical instance" is worth the trouble of investigating, both because of the prominence given to it by the Research Defence Society, and because it is typical of the superficial manner in which vivisectioners set up their claims.

I cannot conclude without begging to be allowed to express appreciation of the eminently logical letter you have published from Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the most clear-headed critic of the day, whose words my Society would strongly endorse. "I recommend the Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection to Mr. Paget as more relevant than the recent trial."—Yours, &c.,

BEATRICE E. KIDD, Secretary,

British Union for Abolition of Vivisection.

32, Charing Cross, S.W.

THE ARMING OF MERCHANTMEN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—My belief is that—whatever we do—there is very little danger of a revival of privateering, except, possibly, in cases so rare and insignificant that they may be left out of consideration. The fact is that privateering abolished itself; and the diplomatists who drew up the Declaration of Paris had no more to do with the abolition of it than they had to do with the discoveries of gold in California and Australia.

By the year 1856 the privateer had become as obsolete as the pack-horse. Steam navigation and the continually increasing size of ships combined to make privateering a thing that could not possibly pay, unless a large capital were invested in each privateer vessel. Even then the chances of lucky captures would be far fewer than they were in the old days. So that to fit out a privateer would be to invest heavily with a greatly reduced prospect of any return. I dare say one might hold that it was economic causes that put an end to the privateering business. People in general do not know much about the conditions of privateering when it was common. The privateers were usually—nearly always, in fact—small craft; and the vessels on which they preyed were, in very many cases, small also. Privateers which ranged the ocean did not, as a rule, do much—there were more captures in confined waters like the English Channel than in all other seas put together.

If our Government were in war time to issue letters of marque, people who took them would have to provide for the privateer business an ocean steamer of great speed and great fuel endurance, and consequently of great size and engine-power, and thereby requiring a large crew, with many skilled hands belonging to it. This would need a capital expenditure of more than a quarter of a million sterling and a monthly expenditure running into thousands of pounds; and all with a poor chance of any compensating return. It would be gambling with a recklessness surpassing that ever seen on the turf or at Monte Carlo. I do not think many people would put their money on so poor a chance of winning.

I have not seen anything to satisfy me that much value can be justly attributed to the plan of arming merchant steamers. Indeed, I cannot see what is to be gained by it. An armed ship—unless, besides her gun armament, she has a complete equipment of ammunition and what are called "warlike" stores, as well as a sufficient and properly trained crew—would be quite useless for the offensive; and, if caught by an enemy's cruiser—if not caught, armament or non-armament would be equally unimportant—if caught by an enemy's cruiser, would be to her a gift of some good guns as well as of a good ship.

If the ship is to be armed, fully equipped, and fully manned during a probably long period of peace, the cost would be very great, and the money would be much more usefully spent in helping to maintain a proper fighting cruiser. Modern explosives, used as charges for guns and bursters of shells, require to be kept in special, and far from inexpensive, magazines; and these explosives also require frequent examination and not infrequent unloading and replacement by newer kinds or a more newly manufactured article. I should feel some sympathy with passengers who did not care to make a voyage in a steamer which carried a stock of very ticklish explosive put on board a longish time ago.

In our naval defence arrangements there would be some use for armed merchant ships in war, but they would be ships fitted out for the occasion. Gun-platforms for the subsequent reception of guns might be advantageously fitted in merchant steamers of certain classes; so that, when it became really necessary, the guns might be mounted with expedition.

If the Navy cannot defend our merchant ships, it is not easy to see what good we could find in having a Navy at all. It is probable that the demand for arming merchant ships is due to reports that foreign merchant ships are armed. The journalistic and political strategists in this country always advocate doing what other nations—no matter how differently conditioned—are said to be doing. To be consistent, these gentlemen, when it rains, ought to go out of doors with a watering-pot; merely common-sense people would prefer an umbrella.

I have not seen Lord Loreburn's new book; but I have just read the allusion to it in to-day's NATION. I was well acquainted with his views when he put them forward seven or eight years ago; and it would seem that he adheres to his opinion that capture of an enemy's merchant ships should not be permitted. As a matter of simple fact, Lord Loreburn knows nothing of the matter as to which he lays—or, at all events, did lay—down the law with such confidence. As far as it was possible to see, he had altogether failed to realise that what he wanted to do away with is a purely belligerent operation. All the conventions and agreements that men can devise would not affect in the smallest degree the capture of an enemy's merchant vessels if the capturing belligerent believed that it would help him to be the winner in the war. He would soon devise some pretext for getting round the terms of any peace-time convention to which he may have agreed. Belligerents are like that. A man of Lord Loreburn's eminence, posing as an authority on a matter which he does not understand—and, indeed, knows nothing about—can do, and probably will do, a great deal of mischief. His mode of dealing with the question could be accurately described as ignorance touched with emotion. He obviously thinks that men fighting for their lives and for the existence of their country act and plan just as they do when in the midst of the most profound tranquillity.

If we are involved in a maritime war, our enemies will do all that they can to hurt us, and any promise made in peace time to exempt our merchant ships from capture will not last a minute longer than the moment at which the enemies have shown that by capturing those ships they can do us real harm.

No one can win in war without fighting, and the only possible way in which we can defend our merchant ships is, not by written agreements come to long beforehand in quite different circumstances, but by fighting those who wish to be the captors. If we make proper arrangements, this can certainly be done effectually.

I have long been of opinion that contraband of war might be reduced as regards the number of articles or materials. I cannot see any necessity for making considerable alterations in the mode of conducting commercial blockades. All that would seem necessary is that, if there is a blockade, it must be really effective.—Yours, &c.,

May 17th, 1913.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

"EQUALITY OF INCOME."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Shaw says that it is "up to" me or to the writer of your article on equality to produce our standard of remuneration if we reject his. Your contributor

(who, let me say, is not myself in another and anonymous incarnation) has given his reply. For myself, I recognise no such obligation. Suppose that Mr. Shaw were to maintain that all law-breakers should be punished equally, or that all children should receive exactly the same education, or that all men and women should work exactly the same number of hours, whether at coal-heaving, writing articles, or minding a shop. One might reasonably reject these propositions without boasting the possession of a calculus which would determine precisely how the adjustment ought to be made in every individual case. Mr. Shaw's method is too much that of a prosecuting counsel who should say, "On my theory prisoner committed the murder. You say he did not. Then tell us who did; or, if you cannot tell us, agree to hang this man."

Mr. Shaw demands of me a measure of the gratification derived from money, and a measure of exertion. I have never said that the first is possible, and do not propose to say so now. As to the second, time and piece-work are measures which do not belong to Utopia, and, however rough, are better than none. It does not seem to most of us just that a man should receive the same payment for two hours' work as for one of the same kind, or for making two pairs of boots as for making one, or, for that matter, none at all.

I was never driven by reluctance to agree with Mr. Shaw into saying that income should be apportioned wholly by reward for exertion. To begin with, incredible as it may appear, I formed such ideas as I have about economic justice without reference to Mr. Shaw's views, and, to continue, I never said it nor do I think it. I think that in a good social order, exertion in directions useful to society would be, except for those who are incapacitated, a condition of obtaining any income at all, and I think that it should be open to men and women to increase their income by increased exertion. But to say that effort is one of the things to be considered is not to say that it would be the only thing.

May I subjoin two remarks on the rest of Mr. Shaw's letter? (1) We may agree with him in condemning the extravagant inequalities of the present day without concluding that absolute equality is the only remedy. (2) Mr. Shaw speaks of equality of opportunity as "a shibboleth that still captivates many Liberals," and asks what in practice it can mean "except equality of income." We can supply a man with the education of a Newton, but not with his brains, and his education costs money. True; but, once started, need we also supply the man with an income throughout life whether he works or idles? This is not to give equal opportunity, but equal treatment to the man who uses his opportunities and the man who neglects them. As to economic conditions being the only factor in opportunity, there are such things as color, and as sex disqualifications, which are not regarded as unimportant by those who labor under them.—Yours, &c.,

L. T. HOBHOUSE.

May 20th, 1913.

THE CASE OF CROWSLEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have read, with deep interest, in THE NATION of 10th and 17th instant your comments on the case of the railway fireman, Crowsley, who, as the result of his imprisonment for the offence of advising Christian soldiers of their higher calling, was sent to prison, and now, as the result of having been in prison, is denied work, and is, as you say, "a ruined man."

Crowsley's offence is, of course, a rank one, and I do not wonder that people are very angry with him. For 41,000,000 of "Christians" to find that there is actually one Christian in their midst, like Voltaire's minor prophet, *capable de tout*, is most disquieting; but as I cannot help feeling some sympathy for Crowsley's isolation, marooned and stranded on this island of teeming Christianity, I suggest THE NATION should keep this case open, and try to get a small rescue party and fund to send this lonely man away.

Canada, I fear, would refuse to receive a convicted criminal, and the same may probably be said of every part of the British Empire. There is only one country where Crowsley will be safe. Let us, I suggest, repatriate him to the care of the Moslem Turk—to the keeper of the Holy Sepulchre, to the land of the Sermon on the Mount—that sermon that has been his own undoing in our midst.

Failing this, possibly someone among the Society of Friends may take this excellent mechanic, "trained as a chauffeur," into his service as a driver of his car. A Quaker, in this case, might do without sacrifice of principle what an orthodox Christian cannot be expected to look at. Meanwhile, as Crowsley may be hungry, may I remit through you a small gift from one who can only admire afar off "the sacrifices made by the poor for their public spirit."—Yours, &c.,

ROGER CASEMENT.

London, May 18th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have just read your excellent article, "An Open-air Mind," as well as the paragraph telling the story of Crowsley, the mechanic, who was sent to prison for distributing more or less Tolstoyan pamphlets at Aldershot.

You say, very truly, that this lamentable adventure of this apostle of meekness would "provide a plot for Anatole France or Mr. Galsworthy." Before any of us minor Galsworthys or shadows of Anatole France have time to act on your suggestion, would it not be possible that poor Crowsley's little tragedy should have the more useful effect of making us put our hands in our pockets and help him?

For instance, you are going to publish an article by me. Instead of paying the fee to me, let Crowsley have that money, and whatever more may gather round it. It is a case for being not only open-minded, or "open-air minded," but also a little open-handed. Surely all the writers in THE NATION, and many of its readers, will show their agreement in this with—Yours, &c.,

VERNON LEE.

11 Palmerino, San Gervasio, Florence.

May 13th, 1913.

[We will do as "Vernon Lee" desires.—ED., NATION.]

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE L.G.B.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your suggestion that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should now transfer his great abilities to the Local Government Board is very timely. Thus only can the greatest constructive work of social reform in our time be crowned with success. Any competent Chancellor of the Exchequer can continue Mr. George's services to the nation by further graduation of the income-tax and extension of the death duties until the miseries that come from excessive poverty and excessive inherited wealth are alike mitigated. But Mr. George's other great work of National Insurance still urgently requires his guiding hand if it is to be extended and completed as he himself would like to see it. There is a great deal to be said for the contention that a scheme involving such constantly growing expenditure as National Insurance should not continue to be controlled by the Treasury. The fact that the Local Government Board has already control of public health marks this department out as the ultimate supervisor of Health Insurance. With Mr. Lloyd George in charge, two extensions of Health Insurance could be immediately undertaken which, though both of vital importance, are almost unattainable without his genius for organisation and conciliation.

I refer to the extension of medical benefits to dependents, and the provision of institutional treatment and medical specialists' services to the 30,000,000 or more persons who would then be included in the national scheme of health benefit. For both these developments the co-operation of the medical profession is necessary. There is no one who knows the profession now so well as Mr. Lloyd George, and none who would deal with them so generously and with such good chance of success. Each side in the recent contest now knows its strength, its weakness. These extensions must come—and come soon—if a great part of the work of the last two years is not to be lost. It will be better for both parties to grasp the nettle at once. The irritations of the past will be forgotten in a frank attempt to solve the difficulties of the future, which, though formidable, are not insuperable.—Yours, &c.,

M. D.

May 20th, 1913.

SOCIAL ORDER AND THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—To what extent militancy is a fruit of the "seed sown at Girtton and Newnham" is a fair subject for argument. That girls' schools and colleges collectively are, in large measure, responsible—that they have been made, consciously or unconsciously, recruiting-grounds for the physical force party amongst suffragists—is, I think, indisputable. The frame of mind which begins by regarding man as a brute and woman as his grossly ill-treated slave, and which ends by seeking martyrdom through acts of violence, is mainly a manufactured product, as police records show. The manufacture is carried on, the necessary training given and received, in various ways and through channels widely divergent; but much of it would seem to be purely scholastic in origin. Teachers and mistresses, burning with zeal for "the cause," have fevered the blood of the girls committed to their care by infecting them with feminist doctrine: the seed, to revert to your metaphor, has in many instances fallen on "the first congenial soil, and raw fruits" appear in the shape of the new protagonist of feminism, that strange phenomenon so wholly alien to British ideals and traditions, the youthful, cultured *pétroleuse*. I need not labor the point, because it has been ably dealt with already in an article entitled "Suffragette Factories," by Miss Helen Hamilton, in the "National Review" for last December, to which I should refer your readers.

How far, if at all, are schoolmistresses or masters justified in moulding the political opinions of their young charges? In view of recent happenings, this question would now seem to be one of considerable importance. My own notion has always been that politics of a controversial nature should be wholly ruled out (as between teachers and pupils) in seminaries of all kinds. Politics form a suitable matter for argument, for the friendly interchange of opinions, between persons who are on a complete footing of equality. In schools where these conditions cannot possibly prevail, they are best left severely alone; they should certainly never be taught, as Greek and Latin and mathematics are taught, by master or mistress to young people in *statu pupillari*. The desire to make converts is a natural one; but in term-time, at any rate, the proselytising impulses should be rigorously repressed. For a schoolmistress or teacher to use her academic authority and intellectual prestige for the purposes of political persuasion is not playing the game; to take advantage of her privileged position (she is temporarily invested with many parental functions and responsibilities) in order to bias the views of her pupils during their most impressionable age, at the most ticklish period of their mental and physical development, is as unfair as it is illegitimate. Fathers and mothers of girls should be on their guard in this matter; and teachers of either sex would do well to understand that we parents, whether of boys or girls, send our children to schools and colleges in order to have them educated, not to have dubious doctrine (of which we may strongly disapprove) pumped into them by fervent political propagandists.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, May 22nd, 1913.

W.S.P.U. FINANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an editorial note of last Saturday's issue, writing of the "militant" leaders and their preliminary trial at Bow Street, you say: "It seems that the salaries of the staff for one year amounted to £6,000, and that about £140,000 of the special fund of a quarter of a million had been raised, without it being very clearly accounted for."

Those words seem to suggest the conclusions that the staff was extravagantly paid, and that there was something secret and underhand about the expenditure of the £140,000. I do not wonder you were misled, for most of the papers were prompted by the chivalrous principle—acted upon by Anti-Suffragists in Hyde Park and elsewhere—always to kick a woman when she's down, and so they carefully omitted the following passage from the report of the trial, as given in the "Times":—

"Cross-examined by Mr. Clark, the witness (i.e., Mr. Reginald Whitehead, chartered accountant and auditor of

the W.S.P.U. accounts) said that there were about 100 people employed by the Union, and the total salaries paid amounted to £120 a week, which gave an average of 24s. a week for each employee. The payment to Miss Christabel Pankhurst of £175 in four months included the rent of her office in Paris, the cost of postage, stationery, and other items of a similar character.

"Mr. McCurdy in cross-examining, referred to the £250,000 fund as a 'secret service fund,' and asked if there was any ground, so far as witness was aware, that that fund had any existence apart from the funds which the witness had audited and which appeared in the balance-sheet of the Union.

"The witness: 'No ground at all.'"

Those two pieces of cross-examination obviously overthrow the conclusions that you were misled into suggesting. Twenty-four shillings a week is not extravagant pay as an average for a staff of 100 workers. My belief is that you cannot feed journalists so, nor any staff of men as capable and hard working as the W.S.P.U. staff of women. They work at that wage because their hearts are in the cause; but if any fault is to be found with the finance it is that the staff is underpaid.

As to the £140,000, there was no secret about it at all. As the auditor said, it was not a separate fund, but appeared in the balance sheet of the Union, and as a Liberal I only wish all matters of Liberal finance were as much above suspicion as that balance sheet is.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.

May 19th, 1913.

THE SET-BACK TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In *THE NATION* of May 17th, "Wayfarer" expresses the fear that the Militant Movement is reacting badly on the cause of suffrage in other countries than this

much-suffering land. A strong American suffragist has told him that in Michigan the last vote recorded a hostile majority of 3,000 as against a previous majority of a few hundreds, and that the chief anti-suffrage argument was to quote the English militant movement as evidence of women's unfitness for politics.

If your correspondent had "fared" into Caxton Hall on May 5th, he would have heard Mrs. Chapman Catt, President of the International Alliance of Women's Suffrage Societies, give a different reason for what took place in Michigan. She said an American could not understand how the whole question of woman suffrage in Great Britain autocratically devolves upon the attitude of one man: a Briton could not understand how a democracy in the United States could tolerate the existence of a Vice Trust. She went on to show how the alliance between the liquor traffic and the white slave traffic had resulted in a gigantic Vice Trust, which has power in every State and Legislature; buying votes at elections and in legislative assemblies. It has come out into the open now, has thrown down the gauntlet, and has taken credit for defeating woman suffrage in Michigan.

I leave it to the thoughtful reader to decide for himself which is the likelier reason for what took place in Michigan.—Yours, &c.,

JULIA WOOD.

May 18th, 1913.

THE CREATION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Charles Frederick Higham, in his ingenuous article on "The Creation of Public Opinion," assumes that the objects of the business man and of the politician are identical. The object of the business man is his own welfare, whereas the object of the politician is, or should be, the welfare of his constituents. Mr. Higham's article is more concerned with the exploitation of public opinion than its creation. Political advertising would, he says, "be creative, not destructive." This is an old dodge of politicians whose sole object is their own success. In a Protectionist country Mr. Higham would never criticise the tariff. He would say nothing about Established Churches. From the advertising point of view, I should not think that it would be advisable to let the electors know that a

candidate's opinions were so completely controlled by the advertising expert as Mr. Higham thinks they should be.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR KNIGHT.

1, Langdon Road, Upper Holloway, N.
May 19th, 1913.

SHORT CUTS TO UTOPIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In "A Short Cut to Utopia" last week, a reference is made to "that short-lived experiment in which Thoreau and Hawthorne took part, celebrated in 'The Blithedale Romance.'" Thoreau was indeed a little interested in "Fruitlands," started by Alcott and Charles Lane, an Englishman, in 1843; but he took no part whatever in Brook Farm, celebrated in "The Blithedale Romance." Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau, all three refused to help in the Brook Farm venture; Emerson stayed in Concord, Alcott went to "Fruitlands," in the township of Harvard, and Thoreau, two years later, while Brook Farm was still going, went to Walden. He visited his friends at "Fruitlands," but it does not appear that he ever went to Brook Farm.—Yours, &c.,

HEDLEY V. STOREY.

21, St. James's Avenue, Brighton.

May 21st, 1913.

AUSTRIA AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I cordially agree with Mr. Newman. Nowadays apparently, even in the eyes of Englishmen, it is a crime to be small, and so we have cheerfully joined with Austria in bullying Montenegro into submission. Perhaps the position can best be summed up by saying that, while Montenegro has lost Scutari, Great Britain has lost something far more precious and far more indispensable.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

Hampstead.

[Why has Great Britain lost something precious when she helped to deprive Montenegro of what did not belong to her?—ED., *NATION*.]

Poetry.

THE BLIND BOXER.

He goes with basket, and slow feet,
To sell his nuts from street to street;
The very terror of his kind,
Till blackened eyes had made him blind.
Aye, this is boxer Bob, the man
Who had big muscles harder than
A schoolboy's bones; who held his ground
When six tall bullies sparred around.
Small children now, that have no grace,
Can steal his nuts before his face;
And, when he threatens with his hands,
Mock him two feet from where he stands;
Mock him who could, some years ago,
Leap full five feet to strike a blow.
Poor Bobby, I remember when
Thou wert a god to drunken men;
But now they push thee off, or crack
Thy nuts, and give no money back;
They swear they'll strike thee in the face,
Dost thou not hurry from that place.
Such are the men that once would pay
To keep thee drunk from day to day.
With all thy strength and cunning skill,
Thy courage, lasting breath, and will,
Thou'rt helpless now; a little ball,
No bigger than a cherry small,
Hath now refused to guide and lead
Twelve stone of strong, hard flesh that need
But that ball's light to make thee leap,
And strike these cowards down like sheep.
Poor, helpless Bobby, blind; I see
Thy working face and pity thee.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet." Vol. III. By Sven Hedin. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)
- "The Fall of the Dutch Republic." By H. W. Van Loon. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Shakespeare in the Theatre." By William Poel. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. net.)
- "Ireland Under the Commonwealth: Being a Collection of Documents." Edited by Robert Dunlop. (Sherratt & Hughes. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
- "Adventures Among Birds." By W. H. Hudson. (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life." By Lady Macdonell. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Memoirs of William Hickey (1749-1775)." Edited by Alfred Spencer. (Hurst & Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Socialism and Syndicalism." By Philip Snowden, M.P. (Collins. 1s. net.)
- "A Handbook of Christian Apologetics." By A. E. Garvie. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Poems." By Alice Meynell. (Burns & Oates. 5s. net.)
- "Father Ralph." By Gerald O'Donovan. (Macraillan. 6s.)
- "Ronsard." Par J. J. Russierand. (Paris: Hachette. 2fr.)
- "La Jeunesse de Lamennais." Par C. Maréchal. (Paris: Perrin. 7fr. 50.)
- "La Patrie Guerrière." Par Henry Houssaye. (Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50.)
- "Micheline Quinette." Roman. Par E. Bricon. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 3fr. 50.)
- "Errungen." Roman. Von F. Herold. (Jena: Castenoble. M. 5.)

THERE are not many examples in history of men who, with every inducement to play an active part in the world of affairs, have made a sort of grand refusal in favor of the world of books. Horace Walpole comes near to answering this description, for though his *dilettantism* found scope in many fields, his main energies were given up to books, and his name deserves to be included in his own "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." The world of books is indebted to him for a series of diaries that give a valuable account of English politics during the momentous years between 1750 and 1783, as well as for one of the most delightful collections of letters in our language. An excellent introduction to these gossiping volumes has been recently published by Messrs. Bell in the shape of Miss Alice Greenwood's book on "Horace Walpole's World." It furnishes the general reader with the historical information necessary to understand Horace Walpole's prejudices and his allusions; gives thumb-nail sketches of Cole, Montagu, Mason, Henry Conway, Horace Mann, and his other correspondents; describes "the company of highly respectable dukes" and their charming duchesses with whom he was intimate; and shows us "Horry" himself in his Strawberry villa, with his pictures, his curiosities, his printing-press, his dog, his cats, squirrels, birds, gold-fish, and gout.

HORACE WALPOLE's character still suffers from Macaulay's strictures, and Miss Greenwood very properly lays stress on his many engaging qualities. For one thing, she says, he was always chivalrous in his attitude towards old ladies. Everybody remembers his long friendship with Madame du Deffand, while the many services he rendered to Mrs. Kitty Clive, the famous actress, show the same characteristic. When she retired from the stage, he secured comfortable quarters for her at Clive-den, close to his own villa, and laid out a green lane leading from her cottage to the common, which he happily named Drury Lane. He was, moreover, considerate to his dependents and servants, and though the many epigrammatic gibes in his letters have earned him a reputation for malice, his antipathies were mainly against those whom he regarded as traitors to his father. He had, too, something like a genius for friendship, and after Gray's death, he insisted on revising the passage in Mason's "Life of Gray" that recorded the quarrel between himself and the poet, so that Mason might not be led to relate the incident in a way that would put Gray in the wrong.

"There was not a particle of envy or jealousy in his composition," is Miss Greenwood's summary. "His warmest outbursts of delight are called forth by the good fortune of his friends, and their griefs are his own. He never repeats gross scandal for scandal's sake; one might search his Letters in vain for any of the *causes célèbres* of the day."

MISS GREENWOOD's book has the great merit of enabling the reader to feel at home in the Whig world which formed the theme of Horace Walpole's epistles. With the help of Lord Grimston's rather tedious diary, one of the documents for which we have to thank the Historical Manuscripts Commission, she discourses on what was considered admirable in scenery and architecture. Grimston made a voyage of discovery through his native land, armed with contemporary guide-books, and conscientiously noting down his impressions of the places he visited. His attitude, and that of most of his contemporaries, may be judged from the terms he employs to express praise or disapprobation. When he wishes to show his strong approval of a building or a view, he invariably calls it "neat," though Stowe extracts from him the epithet "magnificent." "Gothic" is, as might have been expected, his term for anything ancient and uninteresting, while "romantic" is used of a landscape that strikes him as wild and uncomfortable. "The road from Buxton to Disley," he writes, "the most dreary, mountainous, and uncomfortable, the country around entirely uncultivated and moorish, the prospects exceedingly romantic."

WALPOLE's own writings mark the beginning of the reaction against this feeling. In his pages "romantic" is a term of praise, and his "Castle of Otranto" started the romantic revival in our literature. But he never allowed himself the licence of later writers of his school, and one of the charms of his letters is that their style is as correct as it is varied and entertaining. This is all the more to his credit as he wrote at a time when English prose was entering on a period of decadence.

"In the middle of the eighteenth century," says Miss Greenwood, "people apparently could not help writing and speaking good English. Their current magazines, even the political pieces, are still to be read with pleasure. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and of many less famous persons, to be found in such collections as the correspondence of Mrs. Delany or Lady Suffolk, display the purity of style then instinctive among the educated, and perhaps not only among the educated; the very police reports of the 'Monthly Register' suggest that the average of the lower class could express themselves with a clarity and purity of diction long since vanished from the ken of newspaper reporters."

BUT during Walpole's lifetime this standard was greatly lowered. Sententiousness became the vogue, and the delicate distinctions in the meaning of words began to be forgotten. Miss Greenwood mentions several causes that may have brought about the change. It may be due to the interruption of intercourse with the Continent affecting our native style, to worse teaching in the schools, or to the laziness and slovenliness apt to set in among the youth of the very wealthy classes. Or, as Miss Greenwood also suggests, it may even be due to the exigencies of politics.

"After the early close of Pitt's career the oratorical and epistolary style of Castlereagh, Liverpool, and their contemporaries was to reach a lower depth. They made a habit, not merely of using any word or phrase as a substitute for any other, but of running riot in verbosity and involved allusions as, evidently, an easier expedient than plain speaking. Political exigency may possibly have had its share in introducing this kind of mazy speech, for Shelburne and Castlereagh would seem to be the first of our statesmen who were regularly occupied in explaining the meaning they themselves attributed to language which their hearers had taken to mean something quite different."

WE have one complaint to make against Miss Greenwood's capable and useful volume. It has a concluding chapter, entitled "The Legend of Charles James Fox," which is very ungenerous in its estimate of that statesman. Miss Greenwood describes Fox's attitude at the time of the French Revolution as "anti-national," and holds that he "assumed that everything definitely English must be bad, and anything foreign and in opposition to England, good." She even questions whether Fox was anything more than an egoist of winning manner and of a few poetical dreams, intent on place, and utterly disregarding of expressions of national or popular feeling. This is a sheer travesty of Fox's real character and political conduct, and the whole chapter is quite out of keeping with the rest of Miss Greenwood's book.

Reviews.

A POLITICAL PURITAN.

"A Selection from Goldwin Smith's Correspondence: Comprising Letters chiefly to and from his English Friends, written between the Years 1846 and 1910." Collected by his Literary Executor, ARNOLD HAULTAIN. (Werner Laurie. 18s. net.)

WRITING from Oxford on the 14th of May, 1861, Matthew Arnold said: "Goldwin Smith . . . is a great element of bitterness and strife, though personally a most able, in some respects even interesting, man." Had Arnold lived to read this book he would have found his judgment abundantly confirmed, although he might have been inclined to pitch the eulogy rather higher. Great ability in various directions, a mind interesting because it was strikingly independent, a strong infusion of bitterness, and a delight in strife, are characteristics which appear on almost every page of this eminently readable book.

Goldwin Smith was born in 1823, at Reading, where his father was a doctor in large practice. He was educated at Eton, under the fastidious and accomplished Hawtrey, and (after a brief sojourn at Christ Church) at Magdalen, where he was nominated to a Demyship by the all-but-centenary Routh. After a career of high distinction, he was elected in 1846 to a Fellowship at University. In 1859 he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History, and filled that chair till 1866. The step which determined his subsequent career may be described in his own words:—

"I had settled for life on my Oxford Professorship, and built my house in the Parks. I was called away, and obliged to resign my chair by domestic duty. My father was suffering from a malady . . . and I had to be there and watch him. When the sad end came, I had the world before me. I was in sad need of a change, and I thought of this (the American) side of the water, where, having visited the United States at the time of the Civil War, I had many friends, while I had also relatives in Canada. Just then I fell in with Andrew White, who was helping Ezra Cornell to found Cornell University. He asked me to lecture on history there. This exactly suited me. I spent two years very happily in helping to launch Cornell, and, Cornell having been prosperously launched, I took up my abode with my relatives in Canada."

It appears that Smith, who during his residence at Oxford had taken a prominent part in local and general politics, had managed to incur the hostility of Disraeli. It is not exactly easy to see why; but the contemptuous dislike of the Jewish people which is conspicuous in Smith's later writings, may have already been apparent. Whatever was the cause of the offence, Disraeli took a strange way of avenging himself. In 1870 he published "Lothair," and introduced into it an amusing though distinctly unflattering portrait of an Oxford Professor, who, though an extreme democrat, was "a social parasite," and who, being dissatisfied with his career at home, had "dreams of wild vanity, which he thought the New World could realise." People who knew Oxford had no difficulty in recognising the caricatured Professor; but the world in general would probably have disregarded the incident if the victim of the attack had not instantly and loudly called attention to it. As soon as "Lothair" reached New York, Smith published a furious letter to Disraeli—"When, sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your expressions can touch no man's honor—they are the stingless insults of a coward." Perhaps "stingless" was scarcely the most appropriate epithet for insults which had produced this ebullition.

Once established in America, Smith never returned to England, except for occasional visits; but he maintained a close interest in the political life of his native country. "I watch events," he wrote, "with an English heart"; and "I am still entirely an Englishman." English indeed he was, to the heart's core, not least in his view of foreign nations—"A molten mass of jabbering Frenchmen and exporating Germans," is a thoroughly English phrase. He was strong in principles, and at least as strong in prejudices; a Protestant, an individualist, a Radical, and a Free Trader. But his patriotism was of an older type than

prevails to-day. Imperialism, in all its forms and phases, and the related curse of militarism, he detested with a whole-hearted abhorrence. His hostility to Home Rule was a passion, and it was connected with an estimate of the Irish character which would have gratified Thackeray. The notion of women's rights he treated with a contempt as near good-humored as he could make it. "Socialism," he said, "is Maratism." In every department of human affairs he despised and denounced compromise; pushed his principles to their logical conclusions, and stood by them to the end. The facile flexibility which is a requisite accomplishment for practical politicians, he regarded as a vice; and, when he disliked an opinion, he was apt to think very ill of all who held it. In spite of Wordsworth, he did not "live by admiration." Rather, perhaps, the reverse. Here is a frank estimate of the politicians of 1884:—

"Chamberlain seems to me very mischievous. He is doing his best to create a proletariat which will live, not by industry, but by political plunder. What a sign of the times, too, is Randolph Churchill—the spawn and ape of Dizzy! I hated Dizzy, not for being a Tory—which, indeed, he was not—but for systematically corrupting political morality and public life."

"It is difficult to get a hearing against the demagogic falsities which Chamberlain, Morley, and Co. pour out about Ireland's wrongs and England's ill-treatment of her."

This was written in November, 1885. A month later the voice of reprobation rises to a higher pitch. Gladstone's "senile craving for power" has made him "surrender to Parnell," and in his person "Demagogism has appeared in its most powerful, most malignant, and most destructive form. Nothing can be either more tragical or more terribly instructive than this man's moral fall." In July, 1886, comes a triumphant note: "For the present, let us rejoice. Dagon is fallen."

[1890] "All this stuff that Gladstone is publishing about cosmogony, mythology, and other things that he does not understand, is intended as a display of the extraordinary versatility of his genius. He has been flattered into taking himself for a sort of political Messiah. Since you wrote has come Parnell's smash . . . Mark that Parnell is the man whose word we were to take for the finality of Gladstone's measure of Home Rule."

[1893] "Gladstone is religious, and I suppose manages to justify his conduct to himself; but he seems to have parted company with conscience and a regard for truth. There have been worse men, no doubt, in English public life, but none of them have brought such calamities on the country."

When Gladstone disappeared from office, the tension of Smith's nerves was sensibly relieved; but yet he was not quite comfortable. The Union was safe, at least for a time, but other good causes were imperilled. "Balfour is showing weakness, with his female suffrage and bi-metallism." "I was not," he said, "a worshipper of Gladstone"—no, indeed; but in 1896 he wrote: "The doings of the present Government, religious, commercial, financial, are so bad as to show that Privilege, Bigotry, and Protection are greater dangers than the aggressions of Trade Unionism." The Jubilee of 1897 was a "political engine," used for the furtherance of Jingoism; and it was not used in vain. By September, 1899, war in South Africa was imminent, and "war, rekindling the flame among the native races, would probably make a hell of South Africa for years to come." A year passes, and the worst anticipations are realised:—

"This vile war . . . has estranged me from my country. Who can believe that a nation which has a House of Lords, and is holding in subjection three hundred millions of Hindoos, has undertaken a crusade for the diffusion of political equality? . . . If the Members of the House of Commons want to take up 'the White Man's Burden,' let them step out into White-chapel. The hypocrisy is almost more disgusting than the rapine."

"The last independent voice in the English daily press has been stifled. The editor has been coerced and has resigned. . . . I was thinking of paying a short visit to England; but the Jingoism there would sicken me."

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No sooner had the smoke and din of the South African War died out, than peril arose in a new and unexpected quarter. Mr. Chamberlain's desperate attempt to destroy the fiscal system of the country awoke in Goldwin Smith, not indeed the ethical passion which breathes in his words about the war, but an intellectual contempt. From first to last he believed that it was foredoomed to failure, and he saw quite clearly that the object of it was to divert attention from South African perplexities. "Give up Protection," he wrote to Lord Mount Stephen, in 1906, "get a man of honor for your leader." In 1908 he wrote with more than his accustomed scorn of "the Tariff-men, and the driveller who is at the head of that party." And yet, in another place, he says:—

"I confess I prefer Balfour, with all his feebleness, to _____, and Co., who, as Imperialist Liberals, kill Liberalism with its own sword."

In earlier life Goldwin Smith had enjoyed, or suffered from, the reputation of an extremist. He jeered at the aristocracy. He was staunch for Disestablishment. He was for letting the Colonies drift away, and predicted that Canada would, within ten years, "be where she ought to be—in the Union." These opinions he did not revoke in old age, but he learned to blend them with some countervailing theories. He came to disbelieve in "Party," and maintained that the power so nicknamed forced men into courses which their conscience condemned. In extensions of the suffrage, he thought we were too apt to take "leaps in the dark." Old Age Pensions he pronounced "thoroughly demagogic." He saw Payment of Members coming, and said that it would remove the "one strong Conservative institution" which still survived. "I abhor," he said, "violent revolution. The work of statesmanship is to make the past glide smoothly into the future."

In heading my paper "A Political Puritan," I meant to lay stress on certain qualities of Goldwin Smith's nature, which mark him as belonging to the higher order of public men. Among such qualities I should reckon his stern sincerity, his disregard of public opinion, his unalterable fidelity to principle, and his supreme contempt for material splendor and prosperity when balanced against the weightier matters of the Moral Law. His personal demeanor was marked by a dignified austerity. He hated luxury and show, and "pomp and prodigality," and flunkeyism and toadyism. He loved virtue and refinement and uprightness and truth. Morally, then, he was a Puritan. What he was theologically it is not so easy to say. In theology, as in other departments of human affairs, he manifested his tendency to scorn. "Cretinism," he amiably said, "goes with ritualism." Of a Positivist leader he writes that "he is ending life as the farcical anti-Pope of a moribund conventicle." Gambetta he considered "a sensual and corrupt Atheist." Church and Chapel fared equally ill at his hands:—

"The pandering of the Churches to the war-spirit is very notable and very revolting. The Anglicans of course have been the worst. They wound up their Synod (at Toronto) with three cheers for Roberts. The Methodists have been almost as bad as the Anglicans. Archbishop Temple is framing hideous appeals to God to patronise rapine and carnage in South Africa."

In 1905 he wrote:—

"Though far from orthodox, I am not destructive or an 'Atheist.' I represent a set, how numerous I cannot tell, who want, when they resign dogma and miracle, to challenge the extreme pretensions of Materialism, and save, if truth will permit, a foundation of conscience and spiritual life."

The "New Theology" seemed to him to be only the "Old Pantheism," with "a good deal of sheer nonsense" mixed up in it. In 1909 he joined the congregation of a Baptist Church, with this remarkable tribute:—

"You have kept the saying of the Founder that His Kingdom was not of this world. If all had kept that saying as the Baptists have, the bridal robe of the Church would not have been drenched with innocent blood, and many a dark page would have been torn from the book of fate."

Goldwin Smith's correspondence is, from first to last, personal, and to a far greater extent than even these citations

show. In his view, causes were inextricably bound up with personalities, and abstract principles were tested in the concrete actions of human beings. Remarkable, therefore, are the closing pages of this book, where it appears that the politician on whom, in his last days, he principally relied, was Lord Rosebery. "If you," he writes, "will not save the State, who will?" "It seems to me that the turn of events is gradually towards you." "For you the hour, and a most perilous and critical hour (March, 1910), clearly called." But, really, it was calling for Mr. Lloyd George, and he did not wait to be called a second time.

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

MR. HEWLETT AMONG THE FAIRIES.

"Lore of Proserpine." By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

WHEN Mr. W. B. Yeats brought out the enlarged edition of "The Celtic Twilight," he promised soon to return in a more scientific spirit to the subject of fairyland. "I shall publish in a little while," he said, "a big book about the commonwealth of faery, and shall try to make it systematical and learned enough to buy pardon for this handful of dreams." That was in 1902, but the promise has not yet been fulfilled. We have had since then, however, one very valuable book on the secret commonwealth—"The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries," by Mr. W. Y. Evans Wentz, an ardent American scholar, who submitted his defence of the fairies to the Board of the Faculty of Natural Science of Oxford University, and was rewarded for it with the research degree of Bachelor of Science. Mr. Wentz's book, it may be remembered, was at once a new compilation of folk-lore and a daring speculation along the latest lines of psychical research. He upheld the belief in fairies as entirely scientific. "Fairies exist," he declared, "because in all essentials they appear to be the same as the intelligent forces now recognised by psychical researchers, be they the collective units of consciousness like what William James has called 'soul-stuff,' or more individual units, like veridical apparitions." Whatever we may think about the foundations on which Mr. Wentz has built his theory, there is no getting over the fact that he has been crowned for it as a man of science by Oxford University. And, Oxford having given the lead, we need not be surprised that individual Englishmen with the gift of a roaming fancy are prepared to follow. Here, for instance, is Mr. Hewlett in his new book telling us that "it is the recent publication by Mr. Evans Wentz of a careful and enthusiastic work upon 'The Fairy Faith in Celtic Countries' which has inspired me to put these pages before the public." It is but one of a thousand signs of the retreat from Victorian rationalism. Or, for all we know, it may be a genuine advance into a new kingdom of reason. It may be that we are adding to our old scientific incredulity a new and not less scientific credulity.

At the same time, we must confess that Mr. Hewlett is a most unsatisfactory guide to the facts of the fairy commonwealth. It is impossible to be quite sure whether he comes to them merely as a pretty story-teller or as a genuine discoverer. He certainly does not possess the hot faith which makes a man's witness infectious. He even expresses the hope that no one will ask him whether the things in his book are true, "for it will then be my humiliating duty to reply that I don't know."

"They seem to be so to me writing them; they seemed to be so when they occurred, and one of them occurred only two or three years ago. . . . As I grow older it becomes more and more difficult to distinguish one kind of appearance from another, and to say that is real, or again, that is illusion."

Be that as it may, it was Mr. Hewlett's duty to overcome this difficulty. He has failed to do so, and the doubt that he has left in our minds prevents us from fully enjoying his book as pure literature on the one hand, or as science on the other. He has given "The Lore of Proserpine" the meretricious interest of a puzzle. It confronts us, as "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" did some years ago, with the question, not whether it is good, but whether it is true. Possibly, that is what Mr. Hewlett wanted. The public loves to be mystified even more than authors love to mystify

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it. If Mr. Hewlett wrote his preface merely as a literary device with the object of mystifying his readers, it must be admitted that he has been skilful enough. He follows this with chapters that are undoubtedly to some extent genuine about his school-days. He includes a number of reminiscences of the London International College at Spring Grove, his attendance at which is vouched for in the matter-of-fact pages of "Who's Who?" He gives us, indeed, plenty of corroborative detail for his narratives. And yet how many of us can accept as convincing a story like that which tells how he saw the slatternly Mrs. Ventris, a woman of loose morals, fly one moonlit night out of a first-storey window in a London street, a spirit of the fairy kind?

"Her head was bent in a considering way; she stood as one who is about to plunge into deep water, and stands hesitating at the shock. Once or twice she turned her face up, to bathe it in the light. I saw that in it which in human faces I had never seen—communion with things hidden from men, secret knowledge shared with secret beings, assurance of power above our hopes."

"Breathless I watched her, the drab of my daily observations, radiant now; then, as I watched, she stretched out her arms and bent them together like a shield, so that her burning face was hidden from me, and without falter or fury, launched herself into the air, and dropt slowly out of my sight."

Nor was this all. Some time later, Mr. Hewlett tells us, he was walking in the small hours on Parliament Hill when he saw a whole ring of fairies dancing round the hill "in an endless chain," and Mrs. Ventris among them. He describes the dresses of the throng, their calls, their manner of greeting by touching cheeks. In regard to the last, he writes:—

"I argue from the peculiar manner of greeting, which I have observed several times, that these beings converse by contact, as dogs, cats, mice, and other creatures certainly do. I don't say that they have no other means of converse, but I am sure I am exact in saying that they have no articulate speech."

That is an expert touch of verisimilitude. We doubt, however, whether the author was well-advised to go on from description to statistics. When, for instance, speaking of Mrs. Ventris and fairy wives, he observes: "The number of fairy wives in England alone is very considerable—over a quarter of a million, I am told," he brings fairyland too definitely into the every-day world to permit it to remain real.

That is the kind of thing that shakes the faith of the stoutest upholder of the fairies. The present writer is as ready as Paracelsus, so surprisingly modern in his curiosities, to believe in sylph and salamander and all the rest of it. But the frivolity of Mr. Hewlett in dealing with such matters appals him. We have no doubt that Mr. Hewlett has had some most interesting visionary experiences. We should prefer to call them day-dream experiences. Possessing an unusually vivid and sensuous imagination, he finds no difficulty in transforming the shapes of nature into new shapes of fancy—into Naiad and Oread and Dryad. He never convinces us, however, that he saw the Oreads dancing on the hills as actually as Luther saw the devil at whom he threw the inkpot, or as Blake saw the spirit of his brother clapping its hands for joy. We feel that he is a dilettante of vision—that he delights in the deceptions of the imagination in such a way that he will neither violently disown nor violently swear to their objective reality. "I don't invent; I remember," he says near the end of the book; but then he had begun by refusing to decide whether the things he remembers are real or illusory. What can we make of an author who writes vague fantastic sentences like these?

"If we read, for instance, that such and such a man or woman was the offspring of a woman and the spirit of a river, or of a man and the spirit of a hill or oak-tree, it does not seem to me at all extraordinary. The story of the wife who suffered a fairy union and bore a fairy child which disappeared with her, is a case in point. The fairy father was, so far as I can make out, the indwelling spirit of a rose, and the story is too painful and the detail in my possession too exact for me to put it down here. I was myself actually present, and in the house, when the child was born. I witnessed the anguish of the unfortunate husband, who is now dead."

The worst of it is that it is all so prettily literary; it lacks the force of passionate conviction behind it. Somehow, we are ready to pay attention to the maddest medieval tale of incubus and succubus—for protection against which nun and monk used so desperately to pray—rather than to the

uncertain, unexcited messages of Mr. Hewlett. And when he tells us further that "no one can know what love means who has not seen the fairies at their loving," we feel that the honey-sickly romancer has quite got the better of the seer in the witness-box. On the other hand, when he relates how, in his boyhood, having seen a Dryad bathing, he afterwards encompassed the place of his vision "with a fantastic cult of my own invention," we have no difficulty in appreciating the genuineness of the experience:—

"It may have been very comic, or very foolish, but I don't myself think it was either, because it was so sincere, and because the impulse to do it came so naturally. I used to bare my head; I made a point of saving some of my luncheon (which I took with me to school) that I might leave it there. It was real sacrifice that, because I had a fine appetite, and it was pure worship."

That is a fragment of autobiographical truth which we can all recognise. Some of us would find little to disturb our reason even in the Dryad whom Mr. Hewlett worshipped. But when, further on, he tells the story of Quidnunc, a London telegraph boy, who was apparently the reincarnation of an ancient Greek god, he awakens all our suspicions again. Mr. Hewlett assures us that he saw a large company of Londoners, rich and poor, gathered in Hyde Park one night near twelve to beg favors of the boy, who had come to them through the air like "a ball of vivid fire surrounded by a shroud of lit vapor." This strange boy broke off people's engagements for them, and performed other similar offices, by the most murderous methods. He even took extreme personal revenges when he happened to be insulted. Once a 'busman called him names when he was "standing in the roadway," and the next day Quidnunc handed the 'busman a telegram announcing that his wife had been knocked down and killed by a Pickford van. It was a policeman in Hyde Park who told the author of this last incident. The author himself goes on to tell how, on a later occasion, he saw a society lady stolen from outside the Opera House by the same miraculous personage; and a curate of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, afterwards related that, while on his travels in Greece, he had seen the lady sitting in peasant's costume outside a cottage at Phæræ, in Arcadia, with "two or three half-naked children" tumbling about her. Now, it is absurd of Mr. Hewlett to say of a story like this that he does not know whether it is true or not. Even if he may take this attitude with some show of reason about Oreads and Dryads, he has not the same right to hesitate when it comes to policemen and curates of St. Peter's. These are matters perceived not by the subliminal self but by the naked eye. Even if we grant for the nonce that the policeman may have been booted in fairyland, we cannot go further and swallow a fairy curate.

We have an uneasy feeling, then, that Mr. Hewlett has merely helped to darken counsel by his new book. Whether it be true or not, as an old writer averred, that the air is as full of spirits "as snow falling in the skies," Mr. Hewlett takes us no nearer to finding out. Mr. Henry James, using the form of fiction, made us far more certain of the existence of these wanderers of the air in that marvellous story of psychic experience, "The Turn of the Screw," than does the author of the present book, though he dexterously mixes his stories with essays on the problems of fairy lore. Mr. James's fiction has the reality of psychology. Mr. Hewlett's confessions, we fear, will have for most readers only the reality of fiction. At his best, he will be appreciated as one who has boldly initiated a mythology of London. At his worst, he has written some charming and fanciful short stories. But has he dealt with more than the superficial shapes of fairyland? Has he peered into any of its secret realities? If he has, he has communicated to us little of the mystery of it all—only some elegant sensuous fantasies. There is no reason why we should count his cosmography of the air of even as much value as a narrative like that of Cardan, quoted in "The Anatomy of Melancholy," who related how, in 1491, his father, Facius Cardan,

"conjured up seven Devils in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale, as he thought. He asked them many questions, and they made ready answer that they were aerial Devils, that they lived and died as men did, save that they were far longer lived (700 or 800 years); they did as much excel men in dignity as we do juments, and were as far excelled again of those that were above them. . . . They rule themselves as well as us, and the spirits of the meaner sort had commonly such offices as we make horse-keepers, neatherds, and the basest of us overseers of our cattle; and that

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we can no more apprehend their natures and functions than a horse a man's. They knew all things, but might not reveal them to men; and ruled and domineered over us as we do over our horses. The best kings amongst us, and the most generous spirits, were not comparable to the basest of them."

Compared with this, Mr. Hewlett's conjurations seem to be but confections of Hellenic myth. Perhaps, however, that does not matter. If it was his aim that his book should puzzle rather than convince us, we must own he has succeeded very well.

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Hence, although published at a time when the problems of national policy in relation to the improvement, maintenance, and control of the highways are more difficult and urgent than ever before, nearly the whole of the book is occupied with the highway problems of the eighteenth century, arising from the development of wheeled traffic, which was forced to utilise rights of way, rather than roads, which recognised only the needs of foot passengers, riders, and pack-horses, and catered even for these very imperfectly. The effort to force the traffic to adapt itself to the roads instead of adapting the roads to the traffic, the movement for making turnpike roads, the achievements of Telford and McAdam, are all depicted with the thoroughness and lucidity characteristic of the authors. A preliminary chapter on the earliest history of the high road is evidently an excursion into unfamiliar ground; witness the fanciful suggestion of a prehistoric date for the clapper bridges of Devonshire, some of which are still in use, while most, if not all, of the others were in regular use in the eighteenth century. Dartmoor does supply, in its stone crosses placed along tracks from village to village, so that each is visible from afar against the skyline, a clue to the sort of highway that may have existed in pre-Roman times; but this clue has been overlooked.

We do not look for illumination on archaeological problems to the Webbs. But we do expect from them a penetrating and suggestive treatment of any problem of present-day social, industrial, or political life which they handle. We therefore turn with interest and expectation to their last chapter, "Users of Roads in the Twentieth Century." But here, for once, our authors disappoint us. We are given some facts with regard to road mileage and the existing state of chaos with regard to highway administration; and the evil results of the utter incompetence of the Local Government Board to carry out its functions are indicated. But the only constructive proposal put forward is that the powers and activities of the Road Board should be extended and should include making grants to local authorities for the maintenance of roads used by motors, motor-buses, and other mechanically driven vehicles. The suggestion is helpful, but it does not seem to go far.

It is not unlikely that the new methods of locomotion associated with the internal combustion engine—which include the aeroplane and airship equally with the motor-car and motor-bus—will bring as great a strain in social relationships, and prove as fertile a source of political changes, as the revolution in manufacture by the introduction of steam, or the revolution in transit brought about by the railway and ocean-going steamer. To take the first and

most obvious problem of the motor-car: Practically the whole of the wealthy class, which means at once the class which is most deeply concerned in maintaining respect for the law, and also the class which can exercise the greatest influence by force of example, habitually uses motor-cars and habitually exceeds the speed limit. Who can estimate the disintegrating influence of this lawlessness, which destroys the amenities of the road for other travellers, deteriorates property, and endangers lives? But how can the law, however reasonable it may be made, be enforced when the governing class *en masse* has joined the law-breakers? Mr. and Mrs. Webb do draw attention to the slaughter accomplished by London motor-buses; but they suggest no remedy.

It is much easier to ask such questions as these than to answer them. Nevertheless, we cannot help regretting that when Mr. and Mrs. Webb, in the course of their travels through eighteenth-century history, came up against the great present-day problem of the highway, they turned aside and left it without undertaking a thorough investigation, and without attempting a practical solution.

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MR. FLEMING's work seems, at first sight, designed to meet a "felt want" of the present moment: the undoubted need for a short, cheap, not too technical account of mysticism. The subject is in the air; and many people are anxious to know what it means, if they could obtain this information without intellectual effort. This, we imagine, is the public to which Mr. Fleming intended to appeal; since the superficial treatment which was inevitable if eighteen centuries of the spiritual history of Europe were to be packed into two hundred and fifty pages makes his work of little value to serious students. It is, in fact, to a considerable extent a *réchauffé* of much that has already been written, covering much the same ground as Dean Inge's "Christian Mysticism" and Dr. Rufus Jones's "Studies in Mystical Religion." To these and other modern works Mr. Fleming acknowledges his indebtedness in generous terms: as, indeed, he should, since he helps himself with a liberal hand not only to the opinions, but to the quotations, of his predecessors. With several of the mystics included—and those not the least important—he appears to have little or no first-hand acquaintance: for instance, the Victorines—we may observe in passing (p. 109) that Richard of St. Victor is not canonised—St. Bonaventura, the two Mechtilds, "puzzlingly enough of the same name," says Mr. Fleming in a naïve parenthesis (we have felt the same difficulty ourselves with regard to Mary Queen of England and Mary Queen of Scots), St. Douceline, and St. Catherine of Genoa.

A more serious disability than this willingness to accept second-hand information—for only an exceptional mind could hope to treat so vast a period with consistent freshness and originality, and that after years of preparatory study—is Mr. Fleming's want of familiarity with mystical psychology. The pioneer work of Henri Delacroix—which, whether or not its author's conclusions be accepted, is surely indispensable to all serious study—does not seem to be known to him. Récéjac is only once quoted, *via* Dr. Inge. The manuals of Poulain and Saudreau, from which he might have obtained much useful information, are not referred to. The result of this is that we find here no clear appreciation of the "degrees of contemplation," as experienced and defined by the great mystics or classified by the writers upon mystical theology. True, St. Teresa's celebrated "four degrees of orison" are quoted; but a more thorough exploration of her works would have shown Mr. Fleming that her "fourth degree" is not identical either with Ecstasy or Rapture, though sometimes leading to these states. To call her "the chief instructress of Quietism" (p. 166) is to insult one of the greatest of the saints. All shades of mental prayer and infused contemplation, however, are here confused together under that opprobrious name, and the astonished reader learns of the "Quietism" not only of St. Teresa, but of Tauler, and



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(Please mention "THE NATION.")

St. John of the Cross, who both condemned this mystical aberration. The arch-quietist Molinos is actually described (p. 172) as in direct succession to St. John of the Cross. A more careful study of the masterly analysis of "Quiet" in Baron von Hügel's "Mystical Element of Religion" might surely have saved Mr. Fleming from committing himself to this proposition, and have shown him that the distinction between Quietism and Quiet is vital for the right understanding of mystical prayer. This inaccuracy is again noticeable in his discussion of Ecstasy, a word to which a perfectly definite meaning is attached by mystical theologians, but which seems to be employed by Mr. Fleming to denote many different degrees of that so-called "cosmic consciousness" in which the self's awareness of his normal world is overpowered by an intuition of the Infinite. Now the question of the meaning of "Ecstasy" may be, as he claims, controversial; but it can only have become so in recent years. The word has been used for centuries, and is used still by Catholic contemplatives, to describe a well-marked condition; and Mr. Fleming's appeal to its Greek derivation, as evidence of the meaning which it should bear for Christian mystics, can only result in confusion. So, too, in the case of "deification." To the initiate of the Pagan mysteries, "deification" may well have been, as he suggests, the equivalent of immortality. It meant something very different for the writer of the "Theologia Germanica": meant, in fact, that mystery of Divine Sonship—that total re-making of the being of man—which lies at the heart of mystical Christianity. Therefore the attempt to apologise for this "startling phrase" by an appeal to its Hellenistic ancestry entirely misses the point. The Christian Church claims immortality as the lot of every human soul; but "deification" is the privilege of heroic sanctity alone.

On the whole, Mr. Fleming's most interesting chapters are those which deal with the Mysticism of the New Testament and the Early Church. Here he seems to be on familiar ground, and here his rather chilly and "external" point of view is less noticeable than in his treatment of the medieval period. In the section on "The Mystical Element in the Gospels and Epistles," he insists, and in our opinion, rightly insists, upon the fact that Christian mysticism looks back to the New Testament for its warrant and true principles; and does not represent in essence a Hellenisation of the primitive Christian idea. He makes an interesting point in drawing attention to the visionary side of St. Peter's character, as described in the Gospels and Acts, and to the evidence afforded by the Synoptics that "Christ must have set deliberate value on the 'visionary' gift in those who accompanied with Him most closely or served Him best." As against this, however, we must remember that all the greatest of the later mystics distrust and dislike the "visionary gift," though they accept it as a by-product of the mystical life-process. It is, therefore, possible that the order of the facts may be the reverse of that here suggested; and that the psychic peculiarities of the primitive group of disciples were not the cause of their "call," but rather the result of the high spiritual enthusiasm engendered in them by contact with the enhanced personality of Christ.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning May 16.	Price Friday morning May 23.
Consols	75½	74½
Midland Deferred	76½	75½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	56½	55½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	99½	98½
Union Pacific	153½	155½
Russian 5 p.c., 1896	102½	102½
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	93½	92
Turkish Unified	86	86

THE Money Market was cheered by Thursday's Bank return, which showed a big gain in reserve; but the Stock Exchange was sadly depressed. The Brazilian and China issues had been too much for the digestion of the capital and investment markets, and on top of this came news of a twenty millions loan for Mexico, to be raised in Paris, and of the failure of the China Loan in Berlin. That, of course, was not surprising, but it confirmed what has been rumored of

an extreme dearth of money throughout Germany. Trade and employment here are happily still at their best. India is prosperous, and Chinese trade is recovering. The crops in the United States promise well, but Wall Street is doleful, and there are troubles in the textile trades. The general view everywhere seems to be that the supply of capital is proving more and more inadequate, and therefore that prices of good securities must continue to shrink. Mexico's last loan in Paris was raised, I think, at about 4½ per cent.; the new one will cost her about 7½ per cent.! People are asking what Bulgaria and Serbia and Greece will have to pay in Paris, and whether they will be forced to spend most of the money with Creusot. Altogether, these are times in which it is much pleasanter to be a lender than a borrower. Great Britain is about the only State in Europe which is able to pay off debt.

TWO IMPORTANT NEW ISSUES.

This week has brought two prospectuses more notable than the general run—namely, the Chinese Loan and the Great Northern Railway issue. The former is the London portion of the great Four-Power, Six-Power, and Five-Power Loan, as it has been called in turn, according to the nations participating. Now that the United States has dropped out, it is left to Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, and Japan, and London's share is £7,416,680, out of the £25,000,000 of the whole loan. This is the "official loan" formally recognised by the respective Governments, and it is issued in 5 per cent. bonds at 90. The "1912 Loan," or Birch-Crisp Loan, was floated in 5 per cents. at 95. Both are secured, in addition to the obligation of the Chinese Government, upon the Salt Administration, but the Crisp loan has priority. The present prospectus of the "Reorganised Loan" makes no attempt to estimate the yield of the Salt Tax, but says that its collection is to be reorganised, and that until its revenues are sufficient to cover the service of all loans secured upon it, with a margin of a half-year's interest on the present loan, the Provinces of Chihli, Shantung, Honan, and Kiangsu are to pay monthly into the contracting banks the funds necessary to meet its service. Owing to the influence behind the banks, the loan is thought to be well enough secured, and yields 5½ per cent.

The Great Northern issue is of interest because new issues by Home Railways are very scarce. The last was that of the Brighton Railway, to shareholders only, at this time last year. The Great Northern is offering £750,000 of preferred converted; and £500,000 of deferred converted (the equivalent of £1,000,000 old undivided ordinary stock), at 82½ for the preferred, and 55 for the deferred. The preferred stock receives 4 per cent. any year before the deferred receives anything. The preferred stock does not rank for dividend until June 30th next, but the deferred ranks from the beginning of this year, so that it is on a par with the existing deferred stock, with the price of which it compares favorably. The preferred yields £4 17s. per cent. at the price of issue. Present stockholders are offered a preference in allotment, and there is little doubt that the majority of them will apply for as much of the stock as they can conveniently take up. Although the prospectus does not say so, it may be well to mention that the Company is proceeding with the construction of its Enfield to Stevenage loop line, which not only gives it a new outer suburban district out of the reach of electric trams, but also provides an alternative route for main line traffic south of Hitchin. This work has caused the re-opening of the capital account.

PROFITS AND CAPITAL.

The latest report of the British Cotton and Wool Dyers' Association is a good example of the very unreal nature of many industrial balance-sheets. Two years ago the profits were £97,903, and a dividend of 2 per cent. was paid. This year they are only £4,600 more at £102,536, and 7 per cent. is paid. The same amount was allowed for depreciation, but in the former year the carry forward was reduced by £6,600, whereas now it receives an addition of £8,200. The explanation for this change from a very poor dividend to one indicating firm prosperity, lies in the capital reduction which took place in January. The ordinary capital before then was £1,271,684, and it is now £317,921—just one-quarter of its former amount—so that the 7 per cent. dividend is equivalent to 1½ per cent. on the

old capital. Simply by calling each £1 share 5s., the company is able to call 1½ per cent. 7 per cent., and to appear to be in a flourishing condition. The actual assets of the company have undergone no change, and the profit earning capacity is not affected in the least; the change is purely a matter of altering figures on paper. The reason why the company could not earn a reasonable dividend on the former capital is made clear in the auditors' report, which showed that the item formerly standing for plant, buildings, water rights, and goodwill, amounting to £1,850,000, as much as £994,700 was goodwill, so that real assets of about £850,000 had to earn enough profits to pay dividends on capital of £1,850,000. By saying that the goodwill shall only be considered as being worth £40,905, the same assets are available

to earn profits, but the revenue has to be spread over a much smaller capital. The 5s. shares of the company now stand at par, yielding 7 per cent. on the dividend, but this year's profits are above the average, and the shares cannot be regarded as more than a 5 per cent. investment, but there is the chance of being able to sell at a profit in the event of an extra high dividend at some time. **LUCELLUM.**

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company are inviting applications for £1,200,000 Ordinary stock, at £112 10s. per cent. For the year 1910 the Company paid a dividend of £4 per cent. on its Ordinary stock, for 1911 £5 per cent., and for 1912 £6 per cent. In each year ample provision was made for depreciation, besides adding to the Reserve Fund.

The Subscription List will open on Friday, the 23rd May, 1913, and close on or before Tuesday, the 27th May, 1913.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1839.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL £5,000,000

CAPITAL:

Preference Stock issued ...	£900,000
Ordinary Stock issued ...	2,100,000
Ordinary Stock present issue ...	1,200,000

£4,200,000

DEBENTURE STOCKS:

4½ per cent. Debenture Stock issued ...	£1,400,000
5 per cent. Debenture Stock issued ...	2,100,000

£3,500,000

The holders of the Preference Stock are entitled to receive out of the profits of each year available for dividend a preferential dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum and the balance of the profits available for distribution is distributable amongst the holders of the Ordinary Stock. The Preference Stock also ranks as to Capital in priority to the Ordinary Stock, and after the return of the Capital paid on the Preference Stock the balance of the Company's assets will on a winding up be distributable amongst the holders of the Ordinary Stock.

ISSUE OF £1,200,000 ORDINARY STOCK at £112 10s. per cent.

Payable as follows:—

On Application ...	5 per cent.
" Allotment ...	20 " "
" 1st July, 1913 ...	25 " "
" 1st October, 1913 ...	25 " "
" 1st December, 1913 ...	37½ " "

112½ per cent.

Payment in full can be made on allotment or on 1st July, 1913, or 1st October, 1913, and in such case the amount paid in advance will rank for dividend from the date of such payment.

For the year 1913 the Stock now issued will entitle the holders to receive out of the profits of the Company available for distribution dividend calculated from the dates of payment of the several instalments at the same rate per cent. as any dividend (interim or final) that may be paid upon the existing Ordinary Stock of the Company, and from the 1st January, 1914, will rank for dividend, *pari passu*, with the existing issued Ordinary Stock.

The Stock will be issued and will be transferable in any amounts not involving fractions of £1.

Scrip Certificates will be issued against Letters of Allotment as soon as practicable after Allotment and will be exchanged for definitive Stock Certificates as soon as the Stock ranks *pari passu* in all respects with the existing issued Ordinary Stock.

PROSPECTUS.

The Court of Directors of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have authorised Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock & Co., the National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, and Branches, and the Bank of Liverpool, Limited, and Branches, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for the above-mentioned £1,200,000 Ordinary Stock.

The Company was established by Royal Charter in 1839, and its powers have been extended by subsequent Royal Charters granted in the years 1851, 1882, 1904, and 1912. Under the supplemental Charter of 1904 it is stipulated as a cardinal principle of the Company that it is to be and remain under British Control.

Amongst other interests the Company owns all the Capital of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1840; and half of the Ordinary Stock of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Limited. The combined fleets of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company consist of 97 steam vessels, including new steamers under construction, with an approximate aggregate gross registered tonnage of 544,755 tons; whilst the combined fleets of the other Companies closely affiliated with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company represent a further gross tonnage of 1,066,572 tons.

For the year 1910 the Company paid a dividend of £4 per cent. on its Ordinary Stock, and for 1911 £5 per cent., after, in each year, making ample provision for depreciation and adding to the Reserve. For the year 1912 a dividend of £6 per cent. was paid after making ample provision for depreciation besides increasing the Insurance Fund by £40,000, and adding £130,000 to the Reserve Fund.

The Company has recently purchased the Nelson Lines of Steamships, consisting of a fleet of 17 vessels fitted with refrigerating appliances. These Lines possess a large business and hold contracts in connection with the carriage of frozen and chilled meat between South America and Europe, and their acquisition will still further strengthen the position of the Company in connection with this important trade. It is to provide for this purchase and for the general expansion of the Company's business that the present issue is made.

The opening of the Panama Canal will, it is anticipated, involve extensions of the operations of the Company in the North and South Pacific.

A brokerage of 5s. per cent. will be paid in respect of all allotments made to the public on application forms bearing a Broker's stamp.

Applications should be made on the Form of Application issued with the Prospectus and should be forwarded to the Bankers accompanied by a deposit of Five per cent. on the amount applied for.

Copies of the Royal Charter granted to the Company, 28th September, 1839, and of the supplemental Charters granted in 1851, 1882, 1904, and 1912, and of letters to the Company from the International Financial Society, Limited, and the London Maritime Investment Company, Limited, dated 22nd May, 1913, agreeing to guarantee the subscription of the present issue, in consideration of a commission of £3½ per cent., may be seen at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Bristows, Cooke & Carmichael, 1, Copthall Buildings, E.C., on any day while the Subscription List remains open between the hours of 11 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, 18 and 57, Moorgate-street, E.C., 32, Cockspur-street, S.W., and at Southampton, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and Glasgow, or from the Bankers, or from Messrs. Snell & Swaffield, 5, Copthall-buildings, E.C.

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May 22nd, 1913.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1839.)

ISSUE OF £1,200,000 ORDINARY STOCK.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN,
Having paid the Bankers the sum of £..... being Five per cent. deposit, I beg to apply for £..... of the above Ordinary Stock, in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus, dated May 22nd, 1913, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount that may be allotted to me, and I undertake to pay the balance as specified, and I request that such Ordinary Stock may be registered in the Company's books in my name as follows:—

Name in full
Address
Occupation
Date May, 1913.
Usual Signature

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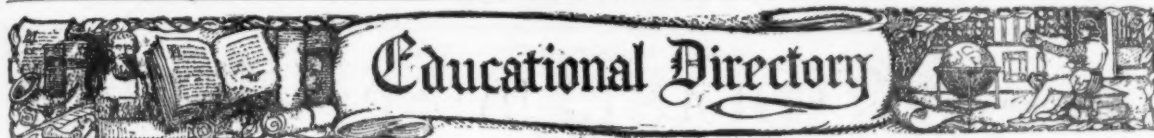
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The NEXT EXAMINATION for FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS will take place on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, JULY 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. These Scholarships exempt the holders from the payment of tuition fees.—Application should be made to the High Mistress, at the School. The last day for the registration of candidates will be Monday, June 23rd.

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May 21st, 1913.

THE Council of the Durham Colleges in the University of Durham proposes shortly to appoint a Principal of the Women's Hostel who must be a lady possessing University qualifications. For information, as to the terms and conditions of the post, application should be made to the Secretary of the Council, University Offices, Durham.

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All inquiries and applications to be sent to the Hon. Sec., Mrs. H. C. H. Carpenter, 11, Oak Road, Withington, Manchester, before June 15th, 1913.

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